Week ending June 2 1945 THREEPENCE

JOHN BULL

Every Thursday

HANNEN SWAFFER
Debunks the
NEW RED BOGY
on Page 11

Children first please!

Only a small quantity of Cadburys Milk Chocolate is available. All the food value of the milk is still in it—a glass and a half to every half-pound. Supplies are limited but are being distributed fairly in the Western and Southern Zones. When your turn comes, please remember that growing children need this extra nourishment most.

CADBURY

means QUALITY

Adorable loveliness

Fresh, radiant charm

True beauty comes with a lovely complexion and an air of exquisite freshness. That's where Lifebuoy Toilet Soap can help you! Its special ingredient makes it extra mild, a real safeguard for the complexion every time it's used. And in your bath that deep-cleansing lather brings a delightful feeling of renewed Personal Freshness.

LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP

3½d tablet — 1 coupon

LBT 616-690-65 LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED

If you can't always get Horlicks, please remember there are many who have special need of it

In emergency rations issued to soldiers, sailors and airmen, Horlicks is an essential item. It was specially chosen for this purpose because it is exceptionally nourishing and sustaining. The makers of Horlicks are proud that it has helped to save many lives.

Large quantities of Horlicks are also required for hospitals, vital war factories, and the mines. This is why there are only limited quantities of Horlicks in the shops. So, when Horlicks is scarce, don't forget that many have special need of it. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

"Here is the news"—

and this is Daddy seeing it

"Can I see the news please, Daddy?" What Johnny means is, will his father allow him to look at the ELECTRONIC TELEPRINTER NEWS RECEIVER which Mr. Futura will carry on his right wrist. Johnny knows that a constant flow of news commentary on world events is plainly readable on the face of this ultra modern device. Do you think that is too far-fetched? We don't. We who pioneer at Mullard in the realm of Electronics know that almost anything is possible in the homes, in the offices and in the industries of tomorrow.

ELECTRONICS IN INDUSTRY TODAY
Dehydration of food is speeded up many times by the use of valve-generated, high-frequency energy for the "drying-out" process. Valves have solved many industrial problems. If you need advice, think of Mullard.

MULLARD
THE DOMINANT NAME IN ELECTRONICS
Radio Valves and other Electron Tubes
THE MULLARD WIRELESS SERVICE CO. LTD., CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVE, W.C 2 (1051)

BUSINESS ENTERPRISE AFTER THE WAR

Small and medium-sized businesses in all branches of industry and trade must have every opportunity of contributing, by their enterprise and initiative, towards the nation's economic well-being after the war. They must be given full support in developing British trade at home or in overseas markets.

Changes due to war conditions call for a far-sighted policy concerning the financial aid they may need. This Bank, through its branch managers, will therefore be prepared to consider enquiries from promising undertakings, whether old or new, conducted under good management. It will base its consideration of each proposal as much upon the prospective borrower's integrity and business capacity as upon his material resources.

MIDLAND BANK
LIMITED

...but I've got a tin of NESCAFÉ!

Congratulate yourself when you've managed to get a tin of Nescafé. For now you've the prospect of a quick cup of stimulating, full-flavoured coffee, made on the instant—straight in the cup! No coffee-pot to wash; no grounds; no bother. It's no wonder supplies don't keep up with growing demand; but Nescafé is evenly distributed. Soon you'll be able to get *your* tin.

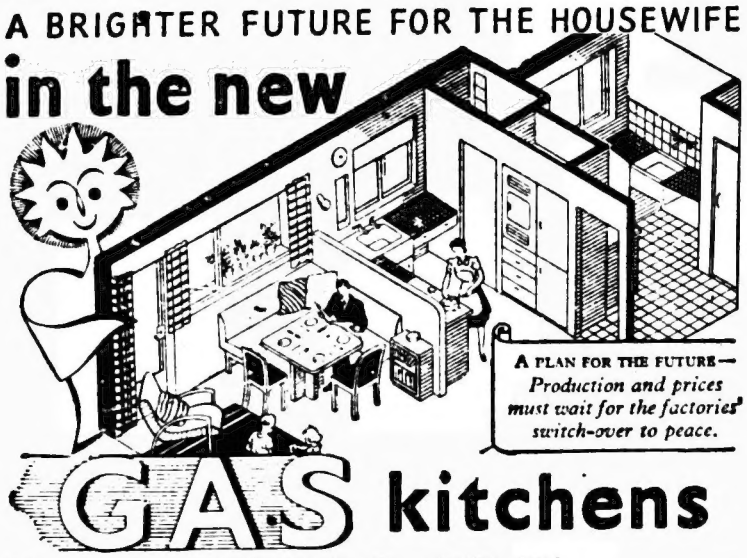
NESCAFÉ
A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

When he's back—

to the meals that mother makes.

Ah! **BISTO**
FOR DELICIOUS GRAVY

A BRIGHTER FUTURE FOR THE HOUSEWIFE
in the new



A PLAN FOR THE FUTURE—
Production and prices must wait for the factories' switch-over to peace.

GAS kitchens
(36) BRITISH GAS COUNCIL, LONDON, S.W.1

COLMAN'S MUSTARD
adds zest to the meal
The Nation's Economical Condiment

WHEN YOU NO LONGER HAVE TO TAKE WHAT YOU CAN GET

Only the best will be good enough for him

SO KEEP THIS FACT IN MIND...
ONLY THE FINEST INGREDIENTS ARE GOOD ENOUGH FOR *Mars*
ZONING now restricts Mars to the Southern Counties. But Victory will mean plenty of Mars for everyone—everywhere.

O.K
THE SAUCE WITH
44%
FRUIT

Supplies, naturally, are not at peacetime levels. In some districts zoning has made O.K. Sauce unobtainable. But, the time is coming, soon we hope, when everyone will once again be able to enjoy to the full the rich, fruity flavour of O.K. Sauce.

THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

Weather forecast & Monday's washing

The genius of British brains, the skill and sticking-power of British hands, created the instruments by which flying weather is foretold. And Electricity was once again the "power behind the plan".

Look forward to that happy day when Electricity, released from Service needs, will once more be diverted to domestic service—to wash, to iron, to cook, to clean, to cheer and comfort, to make life more leisured and more lovely.

But till then, please switch off whenever and whatever you can.

Electricity

June 2 1945 JOHN BULL Volume 7.7 Number 2033 93 Long Acre London WC2 Telephone Temple Bar 2468

Without Fear or Favour

ENEMIES AT HOME

WE HAVE TRIUMPHED over the gangsters of Europe. Beyond doubt we shall triumph over the war lords of the Far East. The General Election will bring us the opportunity to conquer the enemies in our own land.

Beveridge was right in describing them as Five Giants. To slay the evils of Want, Disease, Ignorance, Squalor and Idleness will call for resolution as unyielding as when we stood alone to save the world, strategy as brilliant as when we mobilised our strength on a scale that no other nation ever reached.

Want: We must declare war on poverty. We must make no appeasement pact with the wage-cutters, the timorous opponents of social services, the creators of artificial scarcities. Let us plan for abundance!

Disease: We must no longer compromise with illness. Let us plan a real and adequate National Health Service!

Ignorance: We should not be content with the new Education Act, its gaping omissions and miserable uncertainties. Let us teach our children to think as well as to train them for wage-earning, so that they may grow to happiness and good citizenship!

Squalor: We should not surrender our birthright to the landlords and speculators. Let us sweep away the slums, insist on an end of overcrowding, build the houses our people so desperately require!

Idleness: We must arm against unemployment. Let us plan work-for-all, equip our factories to that full efficiency by which we can both sell our goods abroad and remedy the shortages of Britain itself!

MANY OF THESE urgencies depend on world policy. In world as in home affairs planning is essential; there is no other way to a prosperous peace.

JOHN BULL is on the side of the men with a plan and against those who would remove all controls and sell the peace to the get-rich-quick.

This will be a Victory Election. We, the people, can make it a victory for social justice, sanity and contentment.

The Editor

GOOD OMENS FOR LUCKY ATTLEE

Labour's Big Guns. Eden Up Against It. Japs Don't Cry "Kamerad." Soviet Champagne Booster. Warning to Ex-Servicemen. Unreliable Weather Forecasts

LUCK, WHICH PLAYS A stupendous part in politics, may well put Clement Attlee into No. 10, Downing Street at the end of next month.

It would be no novelty for him, because he has been doing the job of Prime Minister during six months out of the twelve since 1940, deputising in Churchill's absences.

Strange fate, that hands to one of the least ambitious of men the most glittering prize politics can offer!

"Don't be Silly!"

Attlee himself readily admits luck's part in it. He once wrote in the *Daily Herald*:—

"If anyone had told me the night before the 1931 election that within a month I should be Deputy-Leader of the Opposition, I should have told him not to be silly.

"Twelve Labour ex-Cabinet Ministers were seeking re-election. Could anyone have believed that all except myself would be defeated? Yet they were, and I found myself where I am to-day. Luck has played me as strange a turn as anyone in politics."

Deputy-Leader of the Opposition Attlee succeeded Lansbury as Leader; now Deputy Prime Minister Attlee may succeed Churchill as Prime Minister.

Old School Tie

Clem lacks the loud voice and blustering manner with which a man like Ernest Brown, adroitly exploiting a Party label, has managed to hold Cabinet rank during fourteen consecutive years.

Modesty and sincerity are Attlee's assets, plus an orderly mind, plus the advantages conferred by Haileybury and Oxford.

He early forsook the law for social work in London, where his present Limehouse constituents got to know him so well that they have voted for him consistently since 1922.

Smuts . . . Stalin

Something like this happened once before in living memory. The public had to choose in 1906 between the glamorous Joe Chamberlain and a self-effacing Liberal leader whose name was about all that anyone knew concerning him.

Yet Henry Campbell-Bannerman became Prime Minister with a record Parliamentary majority—happily for our own generation, because "C.B.," giving South Africa self-government, made Jan Smuts this country's friend for life.

The parallel holds good. Attlee, alone among British political leaders, is wholly acceptable both in Washington—where the other day he favourably impressed Truman—and in Moscow. The omens are propitious.

Political River Plate

Personalities will not be the sole issue; but they will count for much, though Churchill alone cannot win the election for his side.

German pocket-battleship *Graf Spee*, with her 11-inch guns, might have been expected, according to the textbooks, to sink in turn the one 8-inch and two 6-inch gun cruisers opposed to her; but they in the end outfought their mammoth antagonist.

Attlee, Bevin, Morrison, may repeat in the British political fight the River Plate naval victory of glorious memory. For,

CLEM ATTLEE AS SEEN BY HALL

Churchill apart, where are the electoral capital ships of the other side? Eden alone faintly echoes "Present!"

Urban Landslide

Bevin's prestige is terrific—and not only in the industrial areas. The public imagination has been gripped by Morrison, whose L.C.C. lustre started with the triumph of Waterloo Bridge (for ten years the decrepit old structure disfigured proud London's river because a Conservative majority said "We can't afford to rebuild it").

With trade unions, at the zenith of their membership, forcing to the front issues like holidays with pay and the 40-hour week—made possible by the war's incredible and dazzling technological advances—nothing that an Eden may tell the urban voters is likely to get across.

Only a few rural and suburban constituencies have to change their allegiance to assure Labour's first Parliamentary majority.

After Me, the Deluge

Was it likely that Attlee would appease the Conservatives by continuing Coalition till the end of the Japanese war? Appeasement is the word because, the Far Eastern war over, Churchill would have stepped up his demands. "Continue Coalition till the Peace Treaties are all signed."

So it would have gone on. And all the while the Tory Parliament elected in 1935, blanketing really progressive measures of economic reform, would have settled the pattern for the Britain of 1955.

Churchill would have revelled in it, and well it would have suited him.

£700,000

is the colossal sum which has already been exceeded by payments under JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance Scheme.

Protection against FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING and BURGLARY are among the Comprehensive Household Benefits offered free to every reader.

Because to preserve his "traditional Britain"—poverty, unemployment, distressed areas and all—till his life's end would have crowned with success his life's work. "After me, the deluge."

Japan's Strength

BESIDES, HOW LONG IS THE Japanese war going on? It is anyone's guess, but there are no grounds for easy optimism.

Japan's man-power reserves are terrific, her industrial potential—so far—hardly impaired. She still builds airplanes faster than the Allies destroy them, though shipping may prove her Achilles' heel.

What previous war has seen so few prisoners taken, compared with the totals of killed and wounded? Japs don't cry "Kamerad!" and millions upon millions of Japs still remain of military age.

At Arms' Length

Full weight of Allied effort cannot scourge Japan till the summer of 1946.

The Americans alone have to move three million men from Europe to the Pacific, with all their ponderous equipment.

Even though they use immense liners carrying a division apiece, and at the same time darken the skies with transport aircraft, the move must take at least a year.

Blackpool Curry

BEVIN'S ANNOUNCEMENT AT Blackpool that a Labour Government, if returned at the election, will close the India Office and transfer its business to the Dominions Office, was perfectly timed. It is, of course, what JOHN BULL has been advocating.

India, training ground and operational base of immense British armies, would be among the earliest beneficiaries of a Labour victory at the polls.

Viceroy Wavell goes back to India having got little change in London out of Amery. He, more than any man, may well pray that the British electors will make Bevin's promise come true.

Food Fury

RATION CUTS mean that shopping will be for housewives a drearier, more vexatious business than ever. No wonder they are angry.

One countermeasure, by-passing the shipping bottleneck, is to keep British farming on a war basis, sharing labour priorities with industries like building. Agricultural decontrol is unthinkable at any time in the future.

Because meats eaten outside the home augment rations, everything possible must be done to keep British Restaurants going, and even extend their scope.

The Admiralty should be able to release enough trawlers and drifters to make a welcome difference to fish supplies. But the Herring Producers' Association will have to be restrained from advising Stornoway fishermen to dump their catch, lest prices be forced down.

The present world food shortage, which The Hague Commission in 1921 did not foresee, justifies a further review of the diet allowed to prisoners of war, now numbered in millions.

Mikoyan's Methods

German food production, as well as British, can be stepped up. Let us learn from Anastasius Mikoyan, white-faced, black-haired Armenian who, as Russian Commissar of Foreign Trade, has just been to set Berlin on its feet.

"May you trade!" he exclaimed to

NEVER HAS ONE MAN COVERED UP SO MUCH FOR SO MANY.

Germans who sought permission to restart their businesses. "You must trade!"

Sparkling Wine

Before Mikoyan got his present job in 1938 he was Food Commissar, and he made a huge success of it, covering the Soviet Union not only with mechanised bakeries and canning factories, but also with what the Americans call wineries

"Champagne," he said, "is not too good for the palates of Soviet workers"; and he stepped up the output of sparkling wines.

Mikoyan now announces that, so far from enforcing non-fraternisation, the Russians—who we supposed would "stand no nonsense" from the beaten Germans—are actually seeking to win over the German masses by organising them to improve their social and economic conditions.

Monty's Problem

Will Montgomery, as British occupation chief in Germany, administer a policy laid down by the London Cabinet? If so, has that policy been agreed with the Russians and Americans?

All this has much to do with how soon British housewives will get more rations and British ex-Servicemen get houses.

For Germany was Europe's most productive country; and the standard of living of a whole continent—including these islands—depends on how soon German agricultural and industrial output can be restored.

Leadership's Limits

The other Allies must get busy, like the Russians; but separate occupation zones, each with its own economic policy, would restrict German output to a trickle.

The Big Three's omission to plan unified economic development, not merely of Germany but of all Europe, is the price we must now pay for a war leadership that couldn't envisage peace statesmanship

If our election, giving us a Government not congenitally hostile to the Soviets, sweeps away the present mutual mistrust between Moscow and London, we may soon see a sensible policy in beaten Germany.

Bird Isle

R. PRESTON DONALDSON, who as secretary of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, spends his life organising warfare against people who destroy birds or steal their eggs, wants Heligoland converted into a bird sanctuary.

He says this North Sea island is ideally situated for the study of bird migration.

If he gets his way, the fortifications which, razed after the last war, sprouted under the Nazis more formidably than ever, will have to be removed and the island placed under British sovereignty.

Savings Slogans

THE GENERAL ELECTION has not only postponed the promised high-powered savings campaign, but may also transform its character.

A Labour Government might well link its savings appeal with a specific object like the provision of new coal-getting machinery for nationalised mines. Such an appeal could hardly fail—so long as the people still have savings.

But a day must come when savings campaigns are held up while people buy the domestic goods then filling the shops. Whether that time comes sooner or later depends on whether Labour or Conservative wins the election.

Rab's Hard Labour

AS for the "caretaker" Conservative Government the newspapers that gush about its youthfulness seem to be confusing youth with age.

Conservative it undoubtedly is, despite the inclusion of Liberals of such different hues as 72-year-old Lord Simon, 50-year-old Major Lloyd George and 63-year-old Ernest Brown, Whitehall's champion squatter. Age? Well, the Cabinet alone totals 896 years.

The only surprise is the flitting of R. A. Butler from Education to Labour. Rich, fortyish, Butler is an able man. But, though his name begins with B, he's no Bevin.

Giving Him Air

Harold Macmillan has done fine diplomatic work in the Mediterranean area. Instead of being made Minister of State in the Foreign Office, he has been given charge of the Air Ministry, where his experience will be wasted.

Strange that Cabinet-makers, unlike cabinetmakers, so often try to force round screws into square holes!

Blight-ers?

Amery remains—a blight on the India Office. Duncan Sandys clings to the Ministry of Works, looking for callers to help him out of the housing mess. Grigg will still bark at the War Office.

A "safe" collection of caretakers. But not an inspiring one.

Uncivil Defence

LOCAL EMPLOYMENT EXCHANGE, refusing release to a young woman in Civil Defence who has been offered a professional job, said (after VE Day) "Don't you know there's been a war on?"

Volunteering for A.R.P in 1939, she was posted to a report centre and has been there ever since, working shifts of 24 hours on and 24 hours off, in a basement.

What good is she doing? But someone evidently doesn't like letting her out of his power.

Servicemen, Look Out!

COUNTY WAR AGRICULTURAL Committees, which have exercised their power to remove incompetent farmers, will be able to advise Servicemen about prices.

Men came out of the last war to pay fantastic figures for farms, burdening themselves with mortgages that sank them when depression came.

V-E and V-2

THE BLUE FUNK school who expect the next war to start with an unheralded shower of V2's will be surprised to learn that sensational devices were about to be tried out by Anti-Aircraft Command when V-E Day intervened.

It may not be long before scientists know how to explode the nasty things in the air.

Safer Aviation

RADAR TOWERS installed at airports will enable controllers to see on a screen the position of all aircraft within twenty-five miles.

Pilots with their own radar aboard will get from the controllers advice about their position relative to airports or other aircraft, also obstacles in their path such as radio masts and beacons.

Friendly Fins

SEASICKNESS IN H.M. sloops and destroyers has been reduced by gyro-controlled stabilising fins which, retractable into the hull during calm, change a quick, violent storm-produced roll into a slow, easy motion.

Good news for bad sailors to whom the Channel crossing has meant misery!

Deceptive Depressions

SCIENCE WORKS WONDERS, but even science has far to go before accurate weather forecasts become the rule and not the exception.

Meteorologists may boast of the communicative balloons they send up into the stratosphere; but D-Day caught them napping—and so have more recent occasions, as gardeners who listen to the wireless could tell.

Details Matter

ALLIED FLYERS brought down in enemy territory, we are now told, wore high-legged boots of which the tops could be quickly cut off with a knife provided in the leg lining for that purpose.

Thus their feet, garbed in low shoes, no longer told Germans they were disguised airmen masquerading as Frenchmen or Belgians.

This sort of meticulous attention to detail won the war and will, if applied from now on, assure us export markets.

Sporting South

AUSTRALIA, with about one-seventh of our population, keeps up an unfailing flow of outstanding sportsmen, especially cricketers.

Even a Test team picked from Servicemen were good enough to beat an England side studded with pre-war stars.

Do the normal sporting instincts of a British country find readier expression when there is no upper social crust to cramp their style? Australia has nothing to teach us about football.

Swords Into—

AIR-RAID SHELTERS, decapitated and given glass roofs, are functioning as greenhouses.

Others, dark and cool, serve as food stores. What an adaptable people we are!

A Boom in London's Underworld

CRIME statistics for the metropolis, including amazing admissions about scandals to which JOHN BULL has drawn public attention, are featured in the 1944 official police report of Sir Philip Game, Scotland Yard's retiring Commissioner.

London's total of indictable crime rose by nearly 14 per cent., from 91,205 in 1943 to 103,804 in 1944.

Confuting the original official theory that this arose from free access to premises due to fly-bomb and rocket attacks, Sir Philip now agrees—after survey—that the least damaged areas suffered most from the offences.

He admits frankly that "breaking" offences after last August "assumed large proportions." And because actual arrests took place only in 25 per cent. of these cases, you must multiply official figures by four to assess the real extent of the evil.

Sir Philip accepts our view that much of the booty on the Black Market is the proceeds of planned lorry robberies, and that during 1944 such thefts went up by 26 per cent.

While saying that "it is unsafe to dogmatise" about this type of crime—the term "Black Market," he thinks, is often used loosely—he admits that there is undoubtedly a large number of individual Black Market transactions which in the aggregate represent a high turnover.

And he does not rule out JOHN BULL'S view that these operations may be directed by super-criminals. "This," he says, "may be a true picture."

The report will give Sir Philip's successor quite a lot of food for uneasy digestion.

Your Savings Are in Peril

The people have £3,500,000,000 in "small" war savings. They must protect those savings with their votes. No financial trickery must be allowed to pick their pockets

"YOUR SAVINGS ARE IN DANGER!" The words have a familiar ring. We last heard them during the fateful election of October, 1931, when Walter Runciman, speaking on behalf of the National Government, told the country that the Socialist Cabinet, by reckless finance, had endangered the poor man's deposits in the Post Office Savings Bank.

"The Savings of the Poor in Peril!" screamed the headlines. A few days later the Tories, helped by Labour renegades, had come to power in the guise of a "National" Government.

They won largely on the strength of that shamelessly misleading story.

"Savings of a Lifetime"

"Your savings are in danger. . . ." No cry is more disturbing to those who have worked hard to put a few pounds in the bank.

When we read how some crook has worked a cruel fraud, it is always the words "the savings of a lifetime lost" which bring home the sadness of the case.

To-day it is the safety of our war time savings which concerns us.

Throughout the war the nation as a whole has earned good wages. This prosperity was slow in coming and at first there was a good deal of distress—which the Chamberlain Government met with typical callousness. But when, under the war time coalition, in which Labour leaders played so large a part, the industries of the country began producing as never before, jobs became plentiful, wages tended to rise.

There were, of course, the usual stories (remember them in the last war?) of "workers" earning £15 a week and more. These figures reached the headlines; how far they were typical is shown by the Ministry of Labour's statistics, which show that basic wages throughout industry rose only 35 per cent. on the average—the cost of living was up 30 per cent., so employees were only 5 per cent. better off.

War Solved the Problem

Still the wages looked good. As for unemployment, from an official total of 1,831,372 in December, 1938 (the actual total was probably a million higher), the figures shrank to 82,000 in December, 1942.

War has solved the problem with which politicians had grappled in vain. Work and wages for all was an accomplished fact.

The workers were rightly exhorted to save, and they responded nobly. Their savings for the war years were:

	Million Pounds.
1939	62
1940	466
1941	602
1942	600
1943	719

The small savings total is now over 3,500 million pounds. The reason why the State did everything possible to encourage this saving was that since there were few goods to buy, if everyone earning good wages had competed for the chance to buy them, prices would inevitably have soared.

Whenever there were no controls they did—women's hats are a good example.

Necessities were rationed—that is, shared out at fixed prices. Sometimes these prices were lower than the actual production costs, the State making up the balance by means of subsidies.

What Will Money Buy?

Even so, the cost of living index slowly rose. At first it was decided that a 30 per cent. increase should be the limit, but in April, 1944, Sir John Anderson, Chancellor of the Exchequer, said that an increase to 35 per cent. was unavoidable. That is to say, it cost just over 1s. to buy what you could have got for 9d. in 1939.

For various reasons the actual cost of living is far higher than the official index shows. Even the cautious *Times* admits the present index is quite unreliable, since it is based on the household standards of thirty years ago.

Savings went into the Savings Bank or into War Loan; some exist in the form of post-war rebate on income tax; others as deferred pay to the Forces.

In one sense those savings are all "as safe as the Bank of England." You will get them back when you apply for them and the interest will be added to the last halfpenny.

But what if they will only buy half as much as they once did?

Suppose in the first year of the war a man saved £20 as the result of 200 hours of work at 2s. an hour. In 1940 he could have bought a fair amount for that. What can he buy with it now?

And suppose prices go higher?

Is it right to talk of that £20 as safe when its value, in terms of the actual goods it will buy, has been so drastically reduced?

The answer to these questions is that already your money is worth less than in pre-war days, and its value may go lower still.

Certainly, if you draw your money out now, its purchasing power (with goods in short supply) will be nothing like what it used to be.

And the ironic fact remains that the more we try to spend our money while the shops are still half empty, the less that money will buy.

This need not depress us unduly. The remedy is in our own hands. First we must think clearly about the nature of money and not be deceived by figures in our bank-book or coins in our pocket—which are mere tokens, their only reality lying in the things they will purchase.

Beware Sleight of Hand

If the Government paid a man back £10 instead of £20 he would shout that he had been swindled. But if he gets currency tokens of face value £20 he will be satisfied, even though, with costs doubled, the effect is the same as if his original £20 had been halved.

We must be on our guard against this sort of thing happening to us.

It need not, if we are determined to prevent it.

Save, and keep on saving—that is a good slogan. But this should be added: *See that no sleight of hand with prices or indexes robs you of what you have saved.* What must we do to make sure that our savings are safe?

Here is the answer:

Your Savings are Safe if—

1. **IF there are enough useful goods on which you can spend them.**
2. **IF the prices of those goods are controlled and kept down by subsidies when necessary, so that a rise in cost of living does not swallow savings up.**
3. **IF the savings still unspent when reasonable needs are satsfied are borrowed by a People's Government for the equipment of nationally owned industries.**

IT IS NOT LIKELY that a Government of bankers and financiers will do any of these things. The people of Britain need an immediate supply of household and personal goods, but financial interests are always inclined to give too great priority to the export market, from which they get a bigger rake-off.

Nor is it likely that an ample supply of goods at low prices will be forthcoming under a Government which represents private enterprise, whose cardinal rule is that the only test of price is sale in the open market. Private enterprise can often make more money out of scarcity than out of plenty.

As to the last point of the three—the use to which the Government puts the savings it borrows, it is clear that if the people's savings are lent to privately owned industrial enterprises the results may be disastrous.

Industries such as coal and cotton, suffering from generations of corruption and mismanagement, cannot be rehabilitated at the nation's expense and left in the hands of the capitalists who have come so near to wrecking them past repair.

If our savings are lent to capitalist enterprises still controlled by boards of directors thinking only of personal profit, and too old-fashioned in thought and practice to see where real profit lies, then our savings are in danger.

We shall still get our money and our interest, cheerfully and promptly paid. But the well-furnished homes for which we sweated and saved will be far beyond our spending power. Our pockets will have been picked far more neatly and thoroughly than any of Fagin's pupils ever did the job.

Not only are they neatly picked: there is an added refinement. The victim is unaware of the operation. He blames no one—when at the end of an hour's shopping he finds his pocket unaccountably empty, he does not cry "Stop thief!" He feels that there is a hole in his pocket, that his penury is the result of natural causes.

But often it is not. The processes by which a rise of prices occurs are increasingly studied and understood.

Some students of the process, men of finance, use their knowledge to fleece their fellows. But the same knowledge, in right hands, can solve in times of peace, problems of full employment and plenty hitherto solved only by war.

NORMAN SMITH.

★ The writer of this article, a Fleet Street journalist, is the author of "The Politics of Plenty," a novel approach to the financial question. He will contest South Nottingham for Labour

OPEN LETTERS

Lord Leathers has to teach us how to avoid death on the roads

Rt. Hon. Lord Leathers,

Minister of War Transport

DEAR LORD LEATHERS,—Supreme urgency attaches to road safety measures now that the basic petrol ration is bringing tens of thousands of motorists back to the roads.

A new generation of children knows nothing of real traffic congestion. Motorists, cyclists and pedestrians are off their guard In your own words: "Our traffic sense has become blunted and our road habits slipshod."

We must have a stiff refresher course in the rules of the road. Emulate the Food Ministry's effective newspaper advertising! Make full use of cinemas, as well as schools! Most children go to the pictures often, and really vivid films about jay-walking would clinch the necessary kerb drill given by teachers and parents.

You have in mind a Bill to authorise the construction of suitable new "one-purpose" highways for fast through traffic. That is the real solution for this country, where most of the traffic flow is confined to a mere 5 per cent. of the total road mileage.

The war-time ingenuity of our American friends has shown that miracles of road construction can swiftly be accomplished with the latest mechanical appliances. Whichever Party wins the Election, a Roads Bill must be passed and—as soon as possible—skilled men and appropriate equipment diverted from military purposes.—JOHN BULL.

Major Rt. Hon. G. Lloyd George,

Minister of Fuel and Power

DEAR MAJOR LLOYD GEORGE,—By opening a "Newer Heat" exhibition at the Building Centre in London's West End this week you lend your authority to a movement in which the British Government should take the lead.

Coal is now so dear that we must stop wasting it. Old-fashioned kitchen grates squander 97 per cent. of the heat, mostly up the chimney. Even modern coal-burning appliances consume usefully only one-fifth.

Builders can lessen waste by correctly designing flues, by lagging pipes, grates and oven doors, and by using plumbing like that with which in North America they avoid bursts due to frost Our own Ministry of Works during the war has evolved admirable designs; it is now a question of enforcing their adoption.

The problem is not only domestic. Generating stations dissipate 60 to 70 per cent. of the heat in the coal, mostly in ugly water-coolers. Every year the River Thames is "warmed" in this way through the waste of as much coal as 1.000 miners could get in 1.000 shifts.

District heating—laying heat on to people's homes—saves much of this waste in America and especially in Russia, where steam goes not to coolers but through pipes to an inner ring of factories, thence to an outer ring of houses, and so back to the station.

Dundee has been doing this for years, and now Coventry is to follow. Rebuilding of blitzed areas offers a golden opportunity here.

There is the wider question of converting coal to liquid fuel through hydrogenation or through low-temperature carbonisation with its valuable by-product of powdered smokeless fuel. This needs re-examination in the light of our changed circumstances. Let no vested interests stand in the way!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir Walter Citrine,

General Secretary, Trades Union Congress

DEAR SIR WALTER,—Holidays matter much to all of us, and the outstanding success of Leicester's experiment—working at Whitsun to take the day off in September—suggests the time is ripe for the T.U.C. to approach employers with a view to agreeing on legislation.

All but 1 or 2 per cent. of the workers in Leicester's main industries made good their three-to-one vote of last year, which also involves bringing forward the annual holiday from August Bank Holiday week to July.

In pre-war Britain most families had a stay-at-home break at Whitsun plus a week's go-away holiday in summer, often from August Monday. I should like to see as many families as possible have a straight fortnight's holiday in the May-September period away from home—holidays at home are not holidays for mother.

"Staggering" on a national basis is essential if the available transport and accommodation facilities are to stand the strain. But it must be organised by localities and not by industries, because school holidays have to be fitted in.

Legislation will be needed, not only to abolish the Whitsun statutory holiday, but also to give real effect to national agreements like that at Leicester. Won't you try to get into touch with the employers in time to make a real start in 1946?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. Hugh Molson, M.P.,

High Peak, Derbyshire

DEAR MR. MOLSON,—In the House of Commons you quoted Sir George Burt, prominent contractor, for the statement that every material used in housing is controlled by a ring, combine or other selling arrangement designed to boost prices.

You went on to say that the Government should assure itself that exorbitant prices are not being charged for building materials.

Excellent sentiment, but one, I fear, at variance with the principle of free enterprise on which your Party has chosen to fight the General Election. For how can the Government assure itself about prices without interfering with the free enterprisers who form the rings and combines?

It used to be the cardinal principle of free enterprise that "the price of a thing is what it will fetch." The scarcer the article, the higher the price; and the higher the price, the greater the profit.

Since profit is the motive of free enterprise, it follows that the free enterprisers must either promote scarcity of building materials, in which case we shall not get our houses, or boost prices through the very rings of which you complained in the House of Commons.

The alternative is Government control, for which your Party won't stand. What about crossing the floor?—JOHN BULL.

Human Machine

DON'T MUDDLE

THERE IS A WIDESPREAD but fallacious and very dangerous belief that the English will always "muddle through." It is fallacious because no one ever "muddled" really successfully.

To be successful you have to plan. To plan well you have to think correctly and reason soundly. And you can't do this if you "muddle," because it is just another name for messiness in thought and action.

It is a dangerous belief, because it tends to foster another belief: that we have no individual responsibility, let alone any collective responsibility, for what happens. Someone else will do it: someone else will see us through: we shall muddle through somehow!

Far too many of us look at things like this. It is all very wrong. Before we know where we are we shall be travelling a road we don't want to travel, because someone who thought and planned while we were dreaming and leaving it to someone else beat us.

Unless the individual citizen thinks well, the nation cannot think well. Unless the nation thinks well, it cannot vote wisely. No one can act right who has not first thought right.

Muddling through has never been counted as one of the Seven Deadly Sins. It ought to head the list. The muddler with the best intentions in the world, is the worst enemy of Freedom.

Argument

The Tories have gambled on the result of a "snap election." But have they miscalculated—

Will Labour Win?

YES

1. There is a world swing to the left. The Russian victories have proved the worth of collectivism. Fear of socialism is gone.

2. In 1929 Labour won 289 seats. Another fifty would give them a majority. The forty industrial seats held by the Tories should all go left, and some of the rural areas as well, for agricultural workers now value trades-unionism.

3. Churchill's prestige as a war-winner has been much lessened by the hopeless failure of his housing policy, and by the feeling that the "snap election" is a discreditable Party manœuvre.

4. The Tories, whose anti-Churchill animus nearly lost us the war, will cut a poor figure boosting him as a great Tory leader.

5. The success of Attlee, Alexander, Bevin and Morrison in key posts, to name no others, makes it plain that Labour can govern with strength and ability.

6. A summer election favours Labour, which suffers in winter contests through lack of cars and halls.

7. The men in the Forces think in terms of jobs and houses, and will make short work of the "old gang" politicians of Munich days.

NO

1. Churchill has been for five years the voice of Britain. What personality of equal force has Labour to offer?

2. Russia's recent actions have made it possible for the old "Bolshevik bogy" to be raised again.

3. Despite the fine show of unity at the Labour Conference, there are said to be serious rivalries and divergencies of view behind the scenes.

4. The large number of unofficial strikes have alienated the sympathies of the Forces.

5. Liberal, Communist and Commonwealth candidates are confusing the Tory versus Labour issue.

6. The electoral register is still in confusion. Civilian evacuation, partial failure of the Forces registration scheme, and wartime mobility of labour have disfranchised probably one million electors, mostly labour votes.

7. We are still at war with Japan, so the electors may feel we still need our chief warlord.

Is World Authority a Dream? It will remain so if we let the great difficulties frighten us. The sure way to prevent the horrors of a third World War is to take now the

First Steps to One World

British, Russian and American fighting men have saved the world. If banded together in an international police force, could they not prevent the world from being torn asunder by another war? In Italy, Alexander's soldiers of a dozen nations have shown that an international force can function efficiently

IN THE AMERICAN SECTOR of occupied Germany a remarkable experiment is going forward to-day. It is an experiment which may, in the long run, hold the secret of world peace, though for the moment it concerns Germany alone.

The Americans have trained specially selected Germans to take over the policing of their own country. The men underwent a thorough grilling before they were accepted for the job, and every nook and cranny of their past history was carefully explored. They range from 39-50 years of age, they are drawn from the ranks of professional men, artisans and even labourers, but they all have one thing in common. They have known—in one way or another—a Germany different from Hitlerite Germany.

Sharing the Work

The Americans brought to bear all their high-powered methods of training and education to drill into these men democratic ideas of justice, discipline and courtesy. To-day they are already on the job. They wear slate-blue trousers, with a red stripe, tunics and jack-boots. They are not armed, but they have full police powers in their given area.

In itself there may be nothing very striking about this. But here is the vital point The new organisation works not only alongside the American administrators. It works *with* them. Germans and Americans *share* the police duties.

The idea of world co-operation on a practical level is nothing new in international affairs. There are many organisations running smoothly on these lines already. The International Labour Office plays the part of world policeman in the labour market, and is steadily building up a body of labour law which the whole world recognises.

The International Court at The Hague has tried upwards of forty cases between one country and another. Far more important, not one of its decisions has ever been questioned by the contestants. Both these organisations have representatives from forty or more nations working in close collaboration.

The Universal Postal Union represents the perfect model of a World State. It embraces every country in the world, bar a few remote islands, and it gives every country one vote, irrespective of population or power. In this model state Palestine has the same voting power as Britain, Portugal as Germany. There is a rigid code of postal conduct laid down by the U.P.U. It is recognised throughout the world without one shot being fired from tank or tommy-gun.

Two things are clear from all this. States are ready to co-operate in practical matters. They are not ready to co-operate when the use of armed force is required.

Where does the International Police Force lie in this scale? It lies precisely between the two extremes. It is the next logical step from organisations like the International Court and the I.L.O., because it combines the inevitable movement towards one world, with a *limited* form of force.

The biggest bogey the isolationists put up against an international police force is the enormous power of sovereignty and patriotism. Would a police force drawn from Russia, America, and Britain agree upon one course of action against an international crime committed outside Germany? The isolationist says No, and he does not say it alone. There are a great many people who believe that each policeman would see the crime in a different light, according to his nationality.

Yet this is the extraordinary thing. The body of international law created by The Hague Court has already been accepted throughout the world—barring Germany.

In America they already have the equivalent of the International Police Force. The Federal Police can take over certain cases from the State Police. They also keep check on certain types of crime. In the same way the I.P.F. would take over cases from the national police, and cover *international* crimes.

Though at the start they would be limited to the laws laid down by the International Court, those laws are capable of development.

Power to Act

The chief weakness of the International Court is lack of means to enforce its decisions. The I.P.F. would have powers of enforcement, which though limited, would be definite.

It would have the right of entry into any factory in the world to check armament production. It would have powers of individual arrest.

There are British specialists in the German Police Commissions to-day more than capable of running the I.P.F. Men like Colonel Gordon H. R. Halland, for instance, one-time Inspector of Constabulary in this country. Halland, with his American and Russian counterparts, could develop his master plan from the I.P.F. in Germany.

No Need for Bases

One big difficulty of an International Army or Air Force is avoided by a Police Force organised on these lines There is no need for strategic bases At the moment no nation is willing to give another strategic bases in its own country. The I.P.F. can do without them.

The International Policemen would act in the capacity of special agents of the World Court. They might even be quartered in normal police stations But one thing they must have—diplomatic immunity

At first the ordinary policeman of the I.P.F. woud not get rid of national bias entirely, but he would be chosen, apart from his knowledge of police work, for his grasp of international affairs. In the end, men specially trained to think of the world as a whole—owing allegiance to humanity instead of to nations—would take over. Meanwhile, it would be easy to devise a distinctive uniform which would be recognised throughout the world.

We are not yet prepared for a fully fledged and fully armed World Authority. But we are slowly moving beyond the limits of the International Labour Office and the Postal Union The policing of the German zones suggests stimulating possibilities. We may see big changes in the next few years: the time has come for bold experiments to meet the needs of the new world.

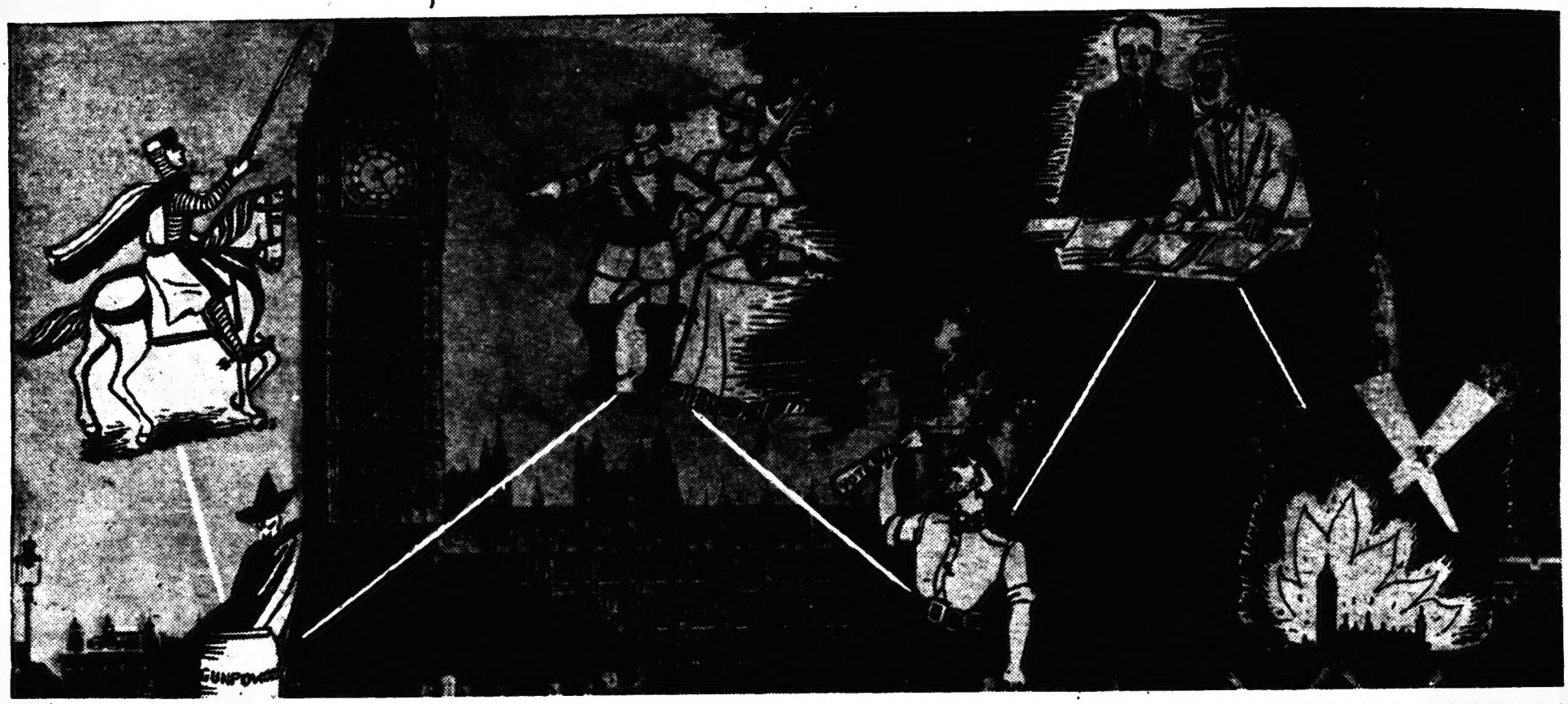
Why not an I.P.F?

VINCENT BROME.

THE WRITER

VINCENT BROME is the author of "Europe's Underground Press," the first authoritative story of the secret Press of Occupied Europe, written in collaboration with the Allied Governments. He has also written and broadcast extensively for British propaganda services. As a newspaper man, he has covered assignments throughout the world.

PARLIAMENT Stands for LIBERTY



All through the centuries our Parliament has spread the idea of liberty throughout the world and it has been the inspiration and driving power in every battle for freedom . . . .

A FATEFUL ELECTION IS UPON US. Whether it should have been postponed until the autumn, or until the end of the war with Japan, is not for me to discuss here. Nor shall I say anything as to the responsibility for, or the wisdom of, the break-up of the National Government at this critical stage of the world convulsion.

The decision, however arrived at, is made, and the best use we can make of the interval between now and polling day is to clear our mind on the issue which the nation has to settle.

Taken all in all, the British Parliament is the most ancient and the most beneficent instrument of government the world has ever seen. No other body in the past or present has exercised so wise and so powerful an influence on the affairs of mankind as it has done.

Victory is the Beginning

It has spread the idea of liberty throughout the world, and in every battle for freedom in the last three centuries it has been the inspiration and the driving power.

And never has it played a nobler part than in the past five years. It is not too much to say that the Government which came into being under the inspired leadership of Mr. Churchill in the summer of 1940 saved the world from slavery and civilisation from destruction.

There were other great factors, of course, which came into play later, but without the inflexible and unaided stand of this country in the year from June, 1940, to June, 1941, all would have been irrevocably lost.

That glory can never be taken from us. And we owe it to the Parliament which rose to the height of the argument and, sweeping all its domestic quarrels aside, stood four-square against the greatest storm that ever blew upon these shores.

We survived because we were united among ourselves. And in surviving ourselves we enabled the world to survive.

This lesson must not be forgotten now. Victory has come, but it is only partial victory. It has to be completed and it has to be consummated.

Winning the war is not an end: it is only a beginning. If it is not the prologue to such an organised and indestructible peace as the world has never seen it will have been won in vain.

The whole tremendous ordeal will have to be undergone again, if not in this generation then in the next—if not by us, then by our children and grandchildren.

Foundations of Domestic Peace

Does anyone doubt this? Can anyone doubt it in the presence of the ominous clouds that are gathering even in the moment of victory?

If not, then the peril in which the world stands must have its place in our thoughts about the coming election. We need in the new Parliament an instrument as firm, as stalwart, and as united as that which has overcome the dangers through which we have just passed.

We need a Government no less representative of the nation as a whole, no less inflexible in the cause of liberty.

I confess I am deeply troubled in mind at the extent to which the electoral battle is being waged on purely domestic problems. I am troubled not because these things are irrelevant or negligible.

On the contrary, they are the core of all our politics. Ultimately, every political controversy turns upon the condition of the people.

Housing, education, employment, hours of work, rates of pay, ups and downs of trade, health, the administration of justice, family allowances, old age pensions, the treatment of the sick—these things are the practical politics of all of us.

Upon their solution our social well-being depends. Every candidate for Parliament, whatever the Party he belongs to, must be primarily concerned with these questions or he has no true title to election.

It is not the fact that these bread-and-butter politics are discussed that troubles me. It is that they are discussed *in vacuo*, as it were—as if their satisfactory solution did not depend upon the larger problem, the resettlement of the world.

We do not live in a watertight compartment. All our domestic affairs are conditioned by what goes on in the great world outside.

Europe is in ruins, and unless we can get

1066 AND ALL THAT

Britain's Parliament can be traced back to the Anglo-Saxon folk-moot, or tribal assembly of wise men, to whom the king would refer the question of peace or war. But it hardly ever made new laws or, except for defence, levied taxes. William the Conqueror turned it into a mere gathering of his tenants, and Magna Carta failed to revive its prestige.

Not until Simon de Montfort's time did a real Parliament develop. Leader of the revolt against Henry III, Simon summoned a national assembly at Lewes in 1265. Thirty years later Edward I called the first "Model Parliament" together.

What other notable events in Parliament's long history springs to mind? Some are portrayed above—such as the Guy Fawkes plot of 1605 and the forcible ejection of M.P.s by Cromwell and his Fusiliers in 1653.

Walpole became virtually the first Prime Minister in 1721. In the 19th century the Reform Acts broadened the franchise and ended the scandal of "rotten boroughs"; that of 1867 gave the "working class" the vote. In 1911, Asquith and Lloyd George broke the power of the House of Lords, so that to-day the Commons is responsible for all money matters. And in 1941 the Mother of Parliaments proved that even the destruction of the Commons' Chamber by bombs could not interrupt the nation's business.

by A. G. Gardiner

it on its feet again and keep it on its feet there will be no prosperity for us.

In a word, all our domestic dreams depend for their fulfilment upon a world at peace and secure against the recurrence of catastrophes which, twice in our lifetime, have shattered the whole structure of human existence.

Have we that assurance? Who can take the most cursory survey of Europe to-day and answer the question affirmatively with confidence?

True, we have at an enormous cost overthrown the arch-enemy. Dead or alive, Hitler is only an evil memory and Nazi Germany is in the dust.

But from Syria to Trieste and from Poland to Val d'Aosta there are everywhere shoots springing up from newly sown dragon's teeth. The meeting of the Big Three hangs fire, and it is idle to pretend that all is well with them.

Who Goes Home?

The strange actions and the still stranger secretiveness of Russia is creating an atmosphere of disquiet which has fallen like a wet blanket over the Victory rejoicings and has damped the hopes which are centred in San Francisco.

What does it all mean? Whither are we all drifting?

It is in these circumstances that we stage a return to Party politics as if all our troubles were over. The Government which has piloted us successfully during these tremendous years to mid-stream, as it were, is dismembered.

Ministers who have been working together harmoniously for years in the face of unparalleled dangers are suddenly discovered appealing to the voters to throw out the colleagues with whom they have collaborated.

A new Government is to be formed the nature of which no one can forecast. It may have at its head Mr. Churchill or it may have Mr. Attlee.

There will not be room in the Cabinet for both. If Mr. Bevin stays, Mr. Eden must go. If Lord Cranborne stays, Mr. Morrison goes. And so on.

Grim Possibility

One possible issue of the election should be clearly realised. It is that Mr. Churchill may be dismissed into opposition. If that should happen it would be not merely the most sensational example of public ingratitude in history. It would be a political disaster of world dimensions and of incalculable consequences.*

The cause of world settlement, now as critical as at any time during the war, has already been gravely weakened by the death of President Roosevelt.

If Mr. Churchill should fall from the position in which he has done such heroic service to mankind, Marshal Stalin would be left as the sole survivor of the Big Three whose collaboration gave us victory in the war and to whose continued co-operation the world looked to secure its future peace.

It is a reflection worth dwelling on as we go to the polling booth.

[* *Our contributor seems to underestimate Mr. Churchill's value to the Opposition. Parliament always functions best when it has a virile Opposition to keep it on its toes.*—EDITOR.]

Three Men in New Suits Speak Their Mind

Soldiers turn the dangerous corner into Civvy Street in J. B. Priestley's new book, reviewed by Jack Culmer

WHAT KIND OF WORLD are the Service men and women who will soon be flocking back to civilian life in their hundreds of thousands going to find?

Will it be the same old world they knew before the war, with a few temporary and not very important changes, or will it be a world purged of much of the selfishness, insincerity, cynicism and futility of the inter-war years?

Those are vital, fundamentally important questions, not just useful material for argument, but questions of acute practical and personal significance, with an immediate bearing on the all-important problem of social relations.

They Went Together

Any informed study of them must therefore have special value at the present time, particularly as their importance has been somewhat obscured by the excitements of victory celebrations and the consequent emotional and psychological "let-down."

What three men who had served together in the Army in North Africa found when they came home, and what they felt and thought and said about it, is described with thoroughgoing frankness and insight by J. B. Priestley in his latest book, *Three Men in New Suits* (Heinemann, 8s. 6d. net).

It is a thoughtful, provocative book, with a timeliness that will set many people thinking seriously about a problem which it is everyone's job to tackle but which might easily have become sidetracked by preoccupation with less significant post-war questions.

With the skill of a research chemist studying specimens in a laboratory, Priestley selects three pre-war "types" who left the same country district to fight in the war and brought back with them a solid, war-born comradeship which formed an unassailable bridge across the sea of social distinctions which inevitably separated them in the days before the war.

"Nowhere to Go"

There is Alan Strete, likeable well-educated son of a "county family" who refused a commission because he knew it meant leaving the men he had lived and fought with. There is Herbert Kenford, younger son of a hard-working middle-class farmer, who during the war has prospered beyond his most ambitious imaginings. And Eddie Mold, tough, slow-thinking quarry labourer, who thought that "after this war the idea was to make a sort of fresh start."

For all of them war service was an eye-opening, character-forming experience, and return to civilian life a curiously disturbing event.

Strete, the most articulate of Priestley's three spokesmen, sees clearly what is wrong with the particular social class to which he belongs:

"All half-dressed and nowhere to go," is how he describes it. "Hoping against hope that time will turn back for them, that next week might suddenly find itself in Nineteen Hundred and Five. Cutting themselves off from the trunk and the roots and the sap, and so beginning to die. I can't stay with them. . I have an old uncle here—he's a fantastic museum piece, but no fool—and he told me what it was—distintegration, sheer disintegration. The class they belong to, their kind of society, is simply dropping to pieces. They're all at the end of little blind alleys. They all accuse each other of being barmy—and they're right. There isn't anything more for them to do as a special class, but they can't—or won't—come out into the main road with the crowd and go somewhere."

John Boynton Priestley was born in Bradford 51 years ago. Son of a schoolmaster, he served throughout the First World War. The popular success of his novel "The Good Companions" was followed by a series of notable plays before he aroused national controversy with his B.B.C. Postscripts. Sacked by order of the Diehards, he has moved Leftwards to write "Daylight on Saturday" and, most recently, "Three Men in New Suits."

In contrast to the mental and spiritual decay which Strete found, Herbert Kenford came back to a smug self-satisfaction which quickly became unendurable. His parents had planned everything, had bought him a farm, and had even chosen a solidly respectable girl as his wife

Fresh Start Wanted

But Herbert had other ideas. "When they all sat there, round our old table, all so pleased that they'd got a good fat share, and all so determined to stick to it whatever happened to everybody else—I suddenly felt terribly about it."

The aircraft factory girl he met in a pub the day he came home knew how he felt. "All that damned stupid greedy selfishness that's starting all over again," she said. "I tell you, the minute the real danger passed and people felt safe again, out it came. Nothing's happened to them inside. They haven't changed. They haven't learnt anything—except how to make bigger and bigger bombs and hate like hell."

And Eddie Mold, who came home to find that his wife had been drinking and playing about with American soldiers, felt somewhere deep down that there is a common humanity that must form the foundation for the post-war world:

"I can't see British attitudes is much diff'rent from other chaps' attitudes—except Nazis, an' they're just plain barmy. But I'm no 'ero. I'm just an ordinary chap come back from a lot o' muck an' blood an' flamin' murder. . . . But that's all over an' done with, yer say, an' now we'll make a fresh start. But who's makin' this fresh start? Tell me just a few here in Crowfield."

Call for Unity

Because Priestley is a highly skilled craftsman, *Three Men in New Suits* is a thoroughly readable yarn, and although it is a book with a "message" it has none of the dull sermonising that characterises too many such "messages." It is a clear-cut warning of the dangers of an "as you were" attitude to life in the post-war world and a trumpet-call for unity—the unity of the mass of the people in the common cause of humanity.

No More Selfishness

As Alan Strete puts it, "We can't just plan for ourselves any longer. We're all in one big boat now and either we pull all together for the nearest shore or down we go. . . . If we try to go on in the same old way—competing and grabbing and scrapping, trying to make the same rotten old formulas work, then we'll have huge slums, unemployment, semi-starvation again: People will soon be bitter and angry again."

And Herbert Kenford: "A lot of families and little groups of people trying to make their bit safe for themselves—and never mind anybody else, that won't work any more."

Emphasis on Reality

Priestley refuses to tidy up the loose ends and provide a happy-ever-after ending because he realises the importance of the problem. He is content to emphasise the perils of a return to the bad old attitude to life that was characteristic of the inter-war years and to indicate the broad road which is the only way to social sanity. And that gives the book an urgent reality it would have lacked if it had been merely a brilliantly written, pleasantly readable tale.

JOHN BULL SHORT STORY

Ann 2782

It was just another day to habit-ridden Stephen Palmer, but adventure can interrupt routine in a startling fashion

by

ERIC ALLEN

ILLUSTRATED BY HOROWICZ

THAT DAY BEGAN, for Mr. Stephen Palmer, like any other day. Margaret's voice wrenching him out of heavy sleep.

"Hurry, Stephen, hurry. It's almost ten past."

"Coming, dear, coming."

Lukewarm water in the bathroom. Those boilers. If you don't stoke them up enough at night they're out by the morning, if you stoke them too much they don't heat. Shaving. Another cut in his chin. Same place as yesterday.

"Coming, Margaret, coming."

Still bleeding at breakfast.

"Don't blame me if the coffee's cold. You should get up when you're called."

The toast was cold, too.

"Stephen! Go easy with the marmalade. You know I can't get any more for a fortnight."

One ting from the marble clock in the parlour. But that was all right, it was always a good five minutes fast.

"Hurry, Stephen, hurry! That clock's right. I put it right by the wireless."

Jump up. Scramble the newspaper together. Rush out into the hall for hat and coat. Rush back for last of coffee. Cold and gritty.

"'Bye, dear."

"'Bye, Stephen."

Another day beginning. Another day like all the days. Same road. Same gates, same fences, same rows of suburban villas. *Mentone, Rushdene, The Nook, Khyber* . . . cross the road . . . *In-the-Hollow, Upway, Hillside, Hillcrest, Hilltop* . . panting a little now . . . *Downhills. Downside* . . . cross over again. Into the booking-hall.

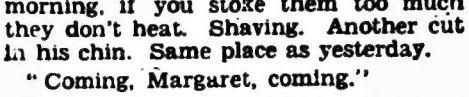
"Morning, sir!"

"Good morning!"

No need to fumble for your season, everyone knows you. Down the steps. On to the platform. Phew! Half a minute to spare as usual.

And, of course, as usual, the 8.39 late. Three minutes late But if you ever counted on it you'd be caught. That was life. It was arranged like that, deliberately, to make things difficult.

There she is. Third-class smoker near the front. Empty this morning. No. Girl in the corner. Good-looking girl. Phew! . . .



BUT AT THIS POINT Mr. Palmer falls down. He could not have described her to anyone, then or later. In his shy half-glance he scrambled together certain vague facts about her, just as he had scrambled together the newspaper which he was now unfolding and smoothing out. She was young She was attractive. She was well dressed. She was carrying flowers.

Where ladies were concerned, Mr. Palmer was a gentleman. He raised his hat to ladies he knew in the street, and removed it altogether when riding in lifts with ladies, whether he knew them or not. He gave up his seat to ladies in omnibuses, and opened doors for them (sometimes) in the office.

So when the train drew in at the terminus, and the girl started fumbling with a suitcase and at least three parcels, over and above her huge bunch of gladioli, it was only natural that Mr. Palmer should offer to help.

"That's charming of you," she said. "I *am* a little loaded. If you could take the case, perhaps . . ."

And she smiled at him.

Mr. Palmer did not get many smiles from well-dressed and attractive young ladies. He was not very young, nor at all striking to look at. He was a little on the small side, and then there were his spectacles. . . . But never mind about that. *This* one smiled at him, and Mr. Palmer remembered it for a very long while.

HE WAS STILL a little dazzled by it when he stood at the top of the escalator in the Underground waiting for the girl to come back. She had left her bag on the train, and had gone to recover it. It's extraordinary how women manage to forget their bags.

Mr. Palmer waited, shifting from one foot to the other, but still carrying the case in his hand.

He felt it was a trust, and it really would be a terrible thing if he laid it down and forgot it. Of course he couldn't do that. But somebody might snatch it when he wasn't looking.

The girl was taking a long time, and Mr. Palmer was due at the office at nine-thirty. He watched carefully for her among the crowds at the other side of the barrier. He looked at his watch.

When he saw her, she was just going out of the main exit into the street. He looked again to make sure it was the same girl, and began to wonder if he shouldn't run after her. She *had* said the top of the escalator, but then . . .

At that moment a large important-looking car drew up at the kerb, and a man stepped out and motioned her inside Before Mr. Palmer could do anything at all the car and the lady were gone.

Here he was in the office at last. Late. Wonder if the old boss saw him. Open a few letters. Spread them on the desk. That's better. Look like work.

Now for that case. Not here, of course. Can't open it here with everybody looking. Men's room, that's the idea. Quick glance round. Pick it up and out of the door. Good.

Now. Try the catch. Snap. And the other. Fancy that now, not even locked. Funny opening a young lady's case. What would Margaret think? Never mind Margaret: must find out who she is.

Hm. er . . : Silk, eh? Nightgown. Stockings. Negligee, Dear, oh dear, the things women wear! Fluffy slippers. Evening dress. Shoes. look at them; all high heels and gilt straps. And what's this? Jewel-case probably. Seen them in the pictures. Locked, eh? Well, what did you expect No letters, no name. How very awkward. Ah, here's something. Ann. Ann who? Nice name Ann. Pretty name. Pretty girl. Ann 2782.

Well, well, what a fool he was. Telephone number, Annandale 2782. Marble Arch district. Ring her up. Not from the office, of course. Slot-machine round the corner.

Annandale 2872. Is that Miss ——— Miss ———? Yes, your case. Well, it did seem a little bit funny, you're going off like that. No, no trouble at all. Coming down that way any way. Would you . . . Perhaps you'd care to . . . give me the pleasure . . . I mean shall we have . . .?

How do you ask young ladies to lunch? Young ladies with beautiful silk underwear who walk off and leave you with suitcases.

Of course she'd say yes. She'd be so relieved. And after all, it wasn't anything unusual these days. It was the least he could do. Just being polite.

Goodness. Ten-thirty! Oh dear, oh dear!

BUT WHEN MR. PALMER did get out to the telephone, and put his pennies in the slot and dialled Ann 2782, it was a man's voice that answered.

"Oh! I . . . um . . . that is . . . er : this morning . . . is . . . has . . . er . . . did anybody . . . er . . . a week-end case . . . er . . . a young lady . . . she . . . I . . ."

"Ah, yes, yes, yes." (A friendly note in the man's voice). "My daughter told me. How good of you to ring up. She was sure you would. She said you were that kind of man."

"Oh, er . : . mm. : : ."

In his shy half-glance he scrambled together certain vague facts about her, just as he had scrambled together the newspaper which he was now unfolding and smoothing out

Mr. Palmer was slightly flustered and flattered, too, if the truth were told.

"Um . . . er . . . about the case . . ."

"Oh, yes, of course. Now let's see . . ."

"I could . . . er . . . that is, I shall be over in that direction anyway. . . ."

"No, no, no. Certainly not. I couldn't think of it. You've had far too much trouble all ready."

"But really . . . that is . . . er . . . um . . . no trouble at all."

"No, I'll tell you what we'll do. Are you going back on the same line tonight?"

"Yes," said Mr. Palmer, a little dashed. "Yes."

"Which train, do you know?"

"Well—eh—I usually catch the 6.40."

"That will be excellent. If you'd just be so good as to put the case in the luggage-van. Just put it in the van and forget about it. I'll collect it myself at Lincolnsfield. Then it will be no trouble to anybody."

"Yes," said Mr. Palmer, "of course . . . in the van. But . . ."

But Annadale 2782 had hung up the receiver.

Six o'clock. Hat, Coat. Desk locked. Ah, suitcase. Down the stairs. How very odd. Leave it in the van. Silk nightgown, underwear, evening dress, shoes. Not even locked. How very casual these rich people were. Well, it was their funeral.

"Hullo, Palmer, going for a holiday?"

"Um—er—what . . ." Smiling feebly.

Down the road. Tobacconist's. Hat shop. Bank. Cross over. Shirts and ties. A. K. Fishbaum and Co., makers of rubber stamps. Another tobacconist's. Tube.

Crowds as usual. Always crowds. Show your season. Past the barrier. Stand on the right so that others may pass. No need to think now, work all over. Close your eyes and follow the crowd. Here she comes. Into the carriage. Stand clear of the doors. Phew! What a crush! Five inches to the left

nd grab a strap before she starts. Got : there we are.

Strange creatures, women. Don't even y to hold on. Just lean and giggle. hew!

First stop. More crowds, more push- ng. Stand clear of the doors. All to- ether, lean!

At last. Push. Struggle. Out of the arriage. Along the passage. Up the scalator. Queue at the barrier and how season. Then into the station. ast the tobacco kiosk. Buy a news- aper.

Now for Platform 3.

Good. Four minutes to go. Up to the ront end of the train and less walking t the other end. Here's a seat: take it.

And so another day ending. Clear country air as you leave the station. No need to hurry. Look around. Enjoy the sunset. *Downside, Downhills.* Another day like all the rest. Ending.

Like all the rest? Where's that suit- case. Nightgown. Stockings, underwear. Shoes. Good heavens. What had he done with it?

And a jewel-case. Just like the pictures.

Where had he left it? In the Under- ground? At the newspaper stall? In the 6.40?

Annandale 36 . . . Annandale 47. . . . What was that number? If he did re- member it, what would he say? Oh dear. oh dear!

Oh dear!

Khyber, The Nook, Rushdene, Men- tone, Home.

"That you, Stephen. Any news?"

"No, darling. No news, No news at all."

AFTER SUPPER Margaret seized the even- ing paper, and Mr. Palmer sat down with a book. But he couldn't read. He tried to remember what he did when he left the office. He had the suitcase in his hand. Where did he leave it? What did he do with it? His mind went round in circles.

"Stephen! You said there was no news."

"Yes, dear; what?"

"There's been a jewel robbery."

"Yes, dear."

"In Lincoln-field."

"Has there?"

"It's only five miles away. A woman was arrested at 9.30 at the London ter- minus, but nothing was found and she was later released."

"Got rid of them probably," Mr. Pal- mer said, mechanically.

"Nine-thirty, Stephen. You were there. You must have seen everything."

"Yes, dear. I mean no.—What did you say?"

"Now dad's been made a sergeant he earns nearly as much as I do"

War with Russia isn't "unthinkable." Hotheads are openly discussing the prospects. Despite the Yalta agreement, intrigues of power politics go on and suspicion between the nations rises to danger pitch. In scathing style, HANNEN SWAFFER explains what lies behind

THIS NEW RED BOGY

"THE UNITED STATES should fight Russia only in the event of a Russian attempt to grab some of our territory." So, only a fortnight after the declaration of "peace," said the *New York Daily News*, the anti-British paper.

No more grim warning of the gravity of the situation in Europe could possibly be conceived. It means that, in the opinion of some Americans, Britain and Russia are heading for a conflict.

Despite the solemn pledges made by Stalin, Roosevelt and Churchill at Yalta, the same old game of power politics goes on.

Britain, in Greece and in Italy, started backing effete and discredited monar- chies, regarding them as safeguards for our route to the East. Churchill called them "stable governments."

The word "pig-sty," instead of "stable," would better describe them.

Russia, which had already forced upon Britain and America acceptance of her claims to the Curzon Line in Poland, made no protest. Instead, she appointed puppet governments in all the countries she conquered.

So there has been set up a wall right across the south of Europe It divides "Bolshevism" from "Capitalism," friends during the critical days in which neither could have survived apart, but now rivals again.

Another World War?

And, unless sanity prevails, and Britain and Russia are once more brought together by the pro-Soviet friendship engendered among the masses of our people, despite the anti-Bolshe- vism in our "Society" circles and in- dustrialist classes, we are heading for another world war which will destroy what is left of Europe.

If, this summer, the Right wins our General Election, I dread the conse- quences abroad—bitterness growing in its intensity, suspicions spreading, and intolerance becoming more intolerant.

Is it too late to urge upon Labour the need for coming to some arrangement with the other Left Parties so that, in fighting each other, they do not let the Tories in? At least they agree generally over the need for a policy guaranteeing world security and international peace.

Yes, I am afraid it is. Their differ- ences over "controls" seem too deep.

How it Started

Personally, I deplore the new-born Russian spirit of suspicion. On the other hand, I believe it to be born of the years of abuse and calumny from which the Soviets suffered from 1917 to 1941, the war which Churchill waged on them from Archangel, and the long periods in which she was "sent to Coventry" by every capitalist country.

To this day, Moscow suspects the rulers who inspired the hatred. Stalin, at a late-dinner wine-drinking feast in the Kremlin, may have toasted Churchill a score of times. But he cannot forget that, only eight months before Russia was attacked, Churchill sneered, for all the world to hear, at "Communism which rots the soul of a nation in peace and leaves her impotent in war."

And he knows that, if only against his will, he represents that Big Business which to the Russians is anathema.

Just after I had read how, presiding over the Labour Conference, Ellen Wil- kinson had said that the "upper crust" of Britain were the wrong people to con-

Flowers and smiles marked the "link-up" conferences of junior British and Russian officers in Germany. Need the friendliness of the battlefield be soured by the peace?

trol foreign affairs, I received a letter from a soldier in Greece:

"The removal of the censorship on letters at last makes it possible for me to write to thank you for the unyielding stand you have taken against the welter of intentionally confused and deliber- ately falsified reports from Athens.

"The old-time struggle against tyranny goes on The poor use the only means they have had from time im- memorial. The wealthy, calling them- selves 'The horrified world' in their newspapers, behave as though their pro- Metaxas, pro-King, pro-German record should not be remembered."

We Aren't Told

The phrase "falsified reports," which my soldier correspondent uses, is justi- fied if only because of the fact that Churchill, before our Government im- posed a so-called "settlement" on Greece—actually, the same old suppres- sion of the Left goes on, in spite of our pledges—gave instructions to the B.B.C. that no news putting the case for ELAS was to be broadcast!

Much more recently, one of the T.U.C. delegates sent to Athens to watch the elections for the trade unions, declared: "British correspondents were made to toe the line by the Press Attaché to the British Embassy. Kenneth Matthews, the B.B.C reporter, was censured for his broadcast giving news that Left Wing candidates were being returned."

Why is vital news withheld from the British public? We accuse Russia, with justice, of suppressing the facts about Roumania, Poland and Austria. But, as regards Greece, we do it ourselves.

Meanwhile, the London-Moscow mis- understanding grows.

Read now, these grave words, written by my correspondent

"The Greek people have been told that the dominance of the rich is inevitable. They have been told that England is capitalist to the poorest tramp sleeping in a ditch, and that greater benefit will accrue to Greece if she copies us.

"Worse, England is mischievously re- presented as being anti-Soviet. Hints of an English-Russian war are spread. A wish for that is father to the thought that this would consolidate the tottering position of the wealthy. This coming war is a frequent topic of conversation when our soldiers meet Greek friends.

"UNRRA, with its food supplies, is a political weapon operating in favour of the wealthy

"The dastardly treatment of suspects and prisoners shames England, because she is blamed for her acquiescence.

"There is no statement that has been made against ELAS that has not been proved false Our only excuse was that we wanted a stable government. Can it be wondered that the Greek people have a false idea of the real Britain?"

How can we settle a Europe racked by hatred and hunger, a Europe in which millions of homes are houses divided against themselves, if we support reactionaries abroad in the interests of reaction at home?

How can Russia have faith in a British Government which, in Spain, in Italy, and in Greece has been backing ex- Fascists of all sorts?

Only a return to enlightened Liberal- ism can save us—and all Europe.

We must help the unborn democracies to their birth and then give them sus- tenance and help. We must forget the dead dynasties of a discredited past.

Why, we are back, apparently, at our old business of arms-selling—consider- ing, for instance, the sale of unwanted munitions to Egypt!

What on earth do Egyptians, who did not fire one shot in defence of their own land when Italy threatened it, want with tanks and guns and tommy-guns? The only use she could have for them is their sale to Arab underlings who will soon be making trouble for us all over the Near East.

The Ways to Peace

That way, too, lies war!

Arms-dealing must cease. The "upper crust" that led us into the last conflict must be broken.

Sanity, not snobbery, must rule our counsels. Wisdom, not expediency, must be our policy.

International understanding would lead to settlement. 'Regions of influ- ence" can only divide. And—power politics will inevitably cause a breach, more catastrophic than the last.

Europe must learn that only economic justice can save her—the pooling of re- sources, the opening of markets, the spreading of whatever bounty remains.

Who cares which country owns Trieste? The important thing is that Trieste shall be filled with shipping—now to take in food to the starving, and in the days ahead to bring out, in pay- ment, goods in the making of which the stricken nations must be aided.

The worst international problem of all is empty bellies!

Free Speech

Quick Come-Back for P.o.W.

Firewood prohibited. Ceremony in the Commons. Dress hints from the garden. Let's have more "pest weeks." Petrol refusal holds up house repairs. Thought from a father's note-book

I THINK I AM SPEAKING for thousands of ex-prisoners of war when I say that no praise is too high for the speed and efficiency with which we were repatriated.

When the prison camp where I was in Austria was captured by the Russians a group of us made our way to Vienna. One day one of us spotted a British major in the street and spoke to him. He was attached to the American Third Army. He at once began making arrangements for us.

We left Linz in a Flying Fortress at 10.30 one morning. At 4 o'clock the next afternoon we were in a train in England starting off on leave.

In the meantime we had flown some 700 miles, been fed, had a night's sleep, received a complete new kit (which, incidentally, fitted well), and all the necessary ration cards, travel vouchers, and so on. Total time from seeing the major in Vienna, three days. Pretty good going!—CORPORAL J. HORTON, Royal Armoured Corps, Dundee.

Travelling Crooks

CAN ANYONE TELL ME why farmers, who often offer rewards for the conviction of trespassers and chicken thieves, employ "travellers" for casual work on the land?

These people, who live in caravans and spend their time looking for anything that can be picked up, think nothing of smashing a hedge. They are dirty, drunken and anti-social. But they are skilled fruit-pickers so they get jobs. They pick the best of the crops and then move on, leaving local workers to do the less profitable picking.

I have lived among farmers for forty years, but I still cannot understand why they help these rascally nomads.—W. A., Canterbury.

Going to Rot

A PIECE OF SCOTTISH woodland which I know well has been cut down for timber. The sawmill has now been dismantled and removed to another site. Left behind are tons of waste wood.

Immediately the sawmill was moved a notice went up threatening prosecution for anyone who removed wood. So an enormous pile of firewood is rotting away while people in the district are short of fuel.—J. MacC., Morayshire.

Liberated Postal Order

WHILE MY BROTHER was serving in France in 1940 a letter containing a postal order was sent to him. Before he got it Dunkirk came and he was back in this country. The other day the postman delivered the letter—still containing the postal order. The postmark was May 12, 1940. The day of delivery was May 12, 1945.—C. A. M., Argyll.

Visit to the Commons

THE TRADITIONAL CEREMONY of the House of Commons must never be dispensed with in spite of all the chatter of people who never go there. It saves the reason of ordinary, first-time visitors. By the time I had waded through the red-tape to the M.P. for my constituency, I was crushed in pride, spirit and everything

"The kind policemen"

except temper. I was furious at being shoved round and watched at every move.

But the Speaker's procession made things better. It relieved my feelings.

The visitor to the House should be prepared, though, for being almost knocked down by the kind policemen. And he should be ready to join in the spirit of calm, impassive dignity no matter what happens.—D. E., Braintree, Essex.

Advice That Paid

FOURTEEN MONTHS AGO my brother received his discharge from the Services and, later, a sum of money corresponding to his time in uniform. There followed a letter to say that he had been overpaid and a request for a refund. But in the meantime my brother had read of a similar case in JOHN BULL (April 7) and the warning given.

He decided to ignore the request. He was agreeably surprised later to be told that everything had turned out to be in order.—E. G., Swansea.

In Natural Colours

PERHAPS IT'S AN unpalatable truth, but many women have no eye for colour in the matter of clothes. Here's a tip for them which was given me by a well-known dress designer. When in doubt about matching colours, look round the garden and see how colour schemes blend or clash.

Years ago I was doubtful what to wear with green. My friends naturally said brown. Then I saw a row of green cabbage and alongside a row of pickle cabbage. Now my friends all admire me in green and mauve. Scores of other combinations will suggest themselves after a walk round a garden.—Miss M. W., Ogmore Vale, Bridgend, Glamorgan.

Snail Week

WHY NOT A White Butterfly week, a Slug Week, a Snail Week and a Caterpillar Week? I am quite sure they are as essential as Rat Weeks.—MRS. F. A. TREGASKIS, 33, Stone Barton, Plympton, Devon.

Held up on Housing

I CAN NOW DRAW a basic ration of petrol for my car *for the purpose of pleasure trips.* I own about 250 houses in North and East London. They are spread over a wide area and most of them have been badly damaged through enemy action. All need to be made habitable.

I have applied for six gallons of petrol a fortnight to enable me to supervise this necessary work but, though it is so much in the national interest, I am refused. But for restrictions and frustrations like this, the housing of the people would be greatly simplified.—W. JOHNS, Trafalgar Road, Clacton-on-Sea. (Guinea sent to Red Cross as requested.—EDITOR.)

"A studio where your boy can learn to play"

Peace-Time Shelter Uses

WHAT ARE PEOPLE going to do with their Anderson shelters? Many of them are bricked round and have a concrete lining which will make their removal pretty difficult for the ordinary householder.

Have readers any ideas? Here are some that occur to me: dark-room for amateur photography, tool shed, place for mushroom cultivation, or (with door added) a studio where your boy can learn to play the violin or other small musical instrument.—F. KEYES, 5, Bourdon Road, Anerley, S.E.20.

Lines to Ponder

AFTER MY FATHER'S DEATH I found these words scribbled on a scrap of paper inside his pocket book: "There's a certain amount of work to be done in the world. If any one of us does not take his full share, he imposes that which he does not take on the shoulders of another; and the first cause of poverty, of disease, of misery in all States, is the overwork which is imposed on men and women by the idle and indifferent members of the nation. This is to steal from the human race; to steal from them joy, leisure, health, comfort and peace, and to impose on them sorrow and overwork, disease and homelessness, bitter anger, fruitless tears."

I do not know who wrote those lines which my father kept, but they seem worth bearing in mind.—MRS. P. EVERITT, Ferndale, Harwich Road, Ardleigh, Colchester.

What, No Forms?

MY FAMILY'S CLOTHING BOOKS were stolen, and I applied at the local Food Office for replacement. Imagine my surprise when my request could not be entertained because they had no forms owing to the paper shortage. I was told to call again next week. By next week I decided my daughter would have to give up work as her shoes were worn out.—JOSEPH CONWAY, 164, Newby Street, West Balling, Bradford, Yorks.

Fare for Forces

A ONE-MAN 'BUS SERVICE runs from my village to Northampton and the return fare is 2s. Since the beginning of the war, fares have never been accepted from any man or woman in uniform, whether private or colonel.

The 'bus picks up the Service people anywhere on the route and often two-thirds of the passengers have been in the Forces. I think this is a most generous gesture by the 'bus proprietor, though it appears to have been taken very much as a matter of course.—MRS. MAUD ROBINSON, Wappenham, near Towcester, Northants.

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

"Well-er-no, sir—as a matter of fact he got away"

All You Want to Know About Tomatoes

Don't be satisfied with a yield of less than four pounds a plant. This article tells how to get it

THERE IS SOMETHING about tomatoes which makes them a class apart. Gardeners to a man treat them with almost exaggerated respect, nodding appreciatively whenever the vegetable—I beg its pardon! the *fruit*—is mentioned Somehow or other it has succeeded in surrounding itself with glamour and has become the orchid of the vegetable patch.

Why is this? I know men who can grow Indian corn so thick that they could hide in it. Yet, at the mention of the word "Tomato" they become quite modest, as if they were beginners.

There are three main reasons behind this modern tomato-worship.

South American Jo

First of all, the tomato himself is a magnificent fellow, stuffed full of vitamins, splendid to look at, delightful to grow.

Secondly, there is a lot to be seen for your money. All real gardeners will know what I mean. We are all schoolboys at heart, and other things being equal we get more satisfaction from growing something formidable.

Thirdly, and perhaps most importantly, the tomato is a foreigner. It has taken hundreds of years to make him flourish in Britain and even now we all feel instinctively that a fine row of outdoor tomatoes is a bit of a triumph, showing that the gardener by skill and cunning, can defeat the course of nature.

That is why, at this time of the year, hundreds of thousands of us start spinning dreams in which we see rich red clusters fairly tumbling off the stems.

Now there are many things to remember in the business of growing tomatoes, and the first is that the plant came from South America more than 300 years ago. One authority swears that he came from Mexico, but it is a small point. The fact is that our South American Jo came from a hot climate.

In the intervening years a motley crowd of monks and millionaires, scholars and soldiers, courtiers and chemists, and all the odd people who have cultivated gardens through the ages, took it in turns to grow tomatoes, until the modern plant as we know it was gradually evolved.

But it has never forgotten where it came from—and that is why you lose your plants if you bed them out before the frost is over.

It's Good to be Late

So, first lesson. Be a week late in future rather than a week early. You gain nothing in the long run by being in a hurry.

The end of the third week in May is the very first time for planting tomatoes out of doors, and that only in sheltered spots in the extreme south. In London now—the first week in June—this is just the right time, and up north you had better not wait too long.

Now there are many ways of growing them—in heat, under glass, in co'd frames, raising them from seeds, and so on. I even know a man who boasts that he throws a ripe tomato against a shed wall in April, leaves the mess on the ground, and later plants out the seedlings which develop!

In this way he gets small green marbles in September, but it keeps him happy and he swears it is the only way to grow tomatoes.

Remember, right at the start, that tomatoes are worth growing only if you grow them well. And, let's be frank, most people grow them very badly.

Consider the whole business in simple arithmetic. If you live in a town you probably pay about 9d. each for your plants. You almost certainly buy some artificial patent fertilisers, and you buy more than is necessary.

Allow 9d for the plant and 3d., say, for the 'overhead." Right. Your first pound of *good* tomatoes, which would cost at least 1s. retail, merely gets your money back. To lock up ground for four months and show a profit you *must* get a big yield.

It can be done, although when one sees these spindly, fruitless plants on some allotments you wonder why people bother to grow tomatoes at all.

Right. In choosing the plot where you will plant him, remember that South American Jo is a foreigner and give him as much sun as possible. If the ground slopes south so much the better.

Try to give him back protection—grow him in front of a hedge or wall. He doesn't like to feel the wind whistling through him.

A really serious amateur would consider the position of his tomatoes with great care. Study the prevailing wind; try to avoid growing in a strong current of cold air—like the gap between two big trees.

Tomatoes are like old ladies in a railway carriage. They hate a draught and they want all the windows closed.

Mind the Potatoes!

Some people say that tomatoes should not be grown too near potatoes. They aren't on speaking terms, and are bad for each other. More people will warn you against newly limed ground.

Having picked the site, the next thing is to buy the plants.

For these you will go to a local nurseryman. There are scores of varieties. There are red tomatoes, yellow tomatoes, tomatoes shaped like pears, spherical tomatoes, Russian tomatoes—seed and plants very hard to get—which are supposed to be as hardy as the Red Army, and, of course, the new and fashionable Canadian and British bush tomatoes.

In ten years' time we may all be growing bush tomatoes instead of the normal single-stemmed type.

My own experience with bushes was not very happy; they disliked my Middlesex clay. But many professional growers swear by them and there is no doubt they are the plants of the future.

If you can get a few, try them. They need a lot of staking; and you should pinch out some of their side branches With luck, they can give a huge yield—up to 12 lb. a plant—of rather small but very sweet and nutty fruit.

Yellow tomatoes—like Golden Nugget—chiefly appeal in the north, where they do better than the red sorts in the coldish climate.

They don't usually yield anything like as much as the more common red tomatoes, and if you live in a district where tomatoes can be raised from seedlings out of doors you would be well advised to go for any of the familiar red-fruited varieties—Scarlet Wonder, Ailsa Craig, Sunrise, Market King, and so on.

You are fairly safe—a good man isn't likely to waste his time raising a poor variety!

First thing to look at in the young plants is their size, shape, and particularly colour. You want a deep rich green—a sign that the plant has been "grown cold" or well hardened off.

And the plant should be stocky, compact, with regular leaves.

A spindly pale plant is a bad bet. It

has been rushed up in a hurry in heat, and it never recovers.

Don't buy a plant just because it has opened a few yellow fruit-flowers, or even set its first truss You aren't gaining anything, and you're probably getting a weak plant, unless the colour is right.

One final point about the plant. There is a difference between a pot-grown and a box-grown job. The pot-grown has a tight, compact and virile root formation. The box-grown, which is cheaper, is not quite as strong at the root.

But I would rather have a sturdy box-grown tomato of good colour than a weak pot-grown one

Right. We next take our capture home, and prepare to plant out.

One of the experts on my gardening shelf says: "A rich soil should be avoided and a light dressing of superphosphate and sulphate of potash is better than much farmyard manure." That sounds easy and I hope the weather keeps fine for him.

But with great respect I suggest that most town gardeners in particular need to give the plants as much manure as is reasonably possible

Feed it Well

Last year I grew 283 lb. of tomatoes on just over fifty plants, a very big yield indeed. And this is how I did it.

Having prepared the bed, I drove in stakes 18 in. apart, in rows 2 ft. apart. Then, in front and close up to each stake I scooped out a hole about the size of a large water bucket This I more than half-filled with a mixture of rotted stable manure, grass cuttings, and rotted compost.

I then gave this mess a full can of water and covered over the top with soil. The tomato plant was then placed in position—it was still two or three inches below ground level, and soil was drawn up fairly tightly around it. The unused soil I placed in a ring round the outside of the hole, so the tomato seemed to be growing in the middle of a small crater. When all this settled down after a week or two it meant that the plant was collecting any rain that was going.

After the plants were in place—and by this time we had done a full day's work—we watered them in, using a rose on the watering-can.

They never needed any fertilisers, although a little soot and wood ash always helps, worked into the soil; we gave them their heads and they produced five trusses or more each We grew so many tomatoes that the local greengrocer had to come to our rescue.

It had taken a lot of trouble to plant them out as carefully as that. It paid.

One final point. Weigh your crop as you pick it this year and see what you get. You should not be satisfied with anything under 4 lb a plant.

CONNERY CHAPPELL.

WITH MY FEET UP
by IAN FOX

Rules for Voters

"BY GAD, OLD BOY, with this election coming on we've got to do something to circumvent those cads who are opposing us. Never know what may happen if we give them a free hand."

"You mean some sort of controls?"

"Well, er—not exactly controls. I'm in favour of abolishing all controls so we can't call them that. I thought some sort of Rules for Election Warfare, or a kind of Geneva Convention for candidates."

"How do you start, old boy?"

"I'd have a 'No Fraternisation order, for one thing. Voters on our side not allowed to fraternise with people who might put other ideas into their heads."

"But you don't know which side people are on until they've voted."

"Damme, old boy, don't quibble. If we tell them not to fraternise, surely they'll have the decency to obey."

"WHAT OTHER RULES of war would you propose?"

"No looting."

"Looting, old boy?"

"Yes—carrying off aged voters to the polls in cars."

"But that would handicap *us*."

"Oh, we'd limit it to certain zones, of course."

"How about outlawing the use of gas at public meetings?"

"H——m, that might hit us pretty hard, old boy. Plenty of gas is a damned useful weapon for destroying awkward hecklers. However, we might bar heckling."

"YOU MEAN NO ONE could express his own views at a meeting?"

"Electors shouldn't have their own views. They should vote for the Party that knows what's best for them. I've got it old man! We could make a rule that anyone attending a meeting with the intention of heckling must wear the coloured ribbon of his own side. Wear enemy uniform, as it were Then, anyone heckling without a ribbon would be shot as a spy"

"Er, don't you think shooting is going a bit too far?"

"Well, perhaps we could compel him to vote for the candidate he was heckling."

"We could ban the introduction of personalities."

"I'm not so sure about that. We need personalities ourselves. We want to plug some well-known names, you know."

"Vote for the man, not for his programme, eh?"

"THE SHORTAGE OF PAPER could be used to prevent leaflet raids on voters. After all, we don't need leaflets much when we've got most of the national newspapers on our side."

"We can get plenty of loudspeaker cars, too."

"We could make rules about direction of labour into canvassing."

"But that would operate against us, too."

"H——m, yes. Well, we could make a rule that only those who don't have to work for a living could do canvassing."

"Unfortunately, we can't enforce these rules."

"I suppose not. But don't worry. In an all-in, nothing-barred fight we shall be able to pull a few fast ones that people won't notice until months after it's all over."

Shall Europe Starve?

SIX days before the Food Minister announced the new food ration cuts, *John Bull* published this forthright view on the subject as *Bullets* First Prize effort No. 1,475 : Britain's Larder—Feeds Starving? *I'm* Satisfied.

Those words brought £100 and Radio to P.O. temporary sorter C. H. Linstead, 52, Tunbridge Rd., Southend-on-Sea. But a few well-chosen words on your coupon below can bring you a much bigger prize—£250 and a Celebration Week-end in London for two!

ANOTHER GRAND VICTORY OFFER

£250 CASH plus CELEBRATION WEEK-END for TWO

£20 plus VE BONUS
£10 plus VE BONUS
10 of £5, 10 of £2 10s., 50 of 10s.
200 of 2s. 6d., 1,500 Merit Awards

☛ Remember to enclose 2½d. stamped addressed envelope with entry, to receive *Bulletin* VE Double Number, No. 3, including historic "*Bullets* at War" Supplement.

HOW TO WIN

Add simply Two, Three or Four Words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

ON THE FOOD FRONT
JAPANESE EARTHQUAKE
IN CALM WATERS
WAR CRIMINAL
WIVES AND MOTHERS
VERY SORRY, BUT
SUITS US
TOMMY'S OLD JOB
LAYING DOWN THE LAW
DRASTIC MEASURES
OUR CANDIDATE
ASKING TOO MUCH
WITHOUT FRILLS
NEVER A DULL MOMENT
SOFT SOAP
THING OF THE PAST
MUSTN'T FAIL
SHIPMATES
BED OF ROSES
TREAT FOR THE MOTORIST

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullet" as usual.

MEDAL FOR.....
HEART OF.....
OUT IN THE.....
EVERYBODY'S.....
BETTER THAN.....
WELCOME THE.....AND

RESULT No. 1,477—FIRST PRIZE £300

G. E. WARREN, c/o 43, STONARDS HILL, LOUGHTON, ESSEX.

IN OUR HANDS
EUROPE'S RUINS—AND "FOUNDATIONS."

£20 : Mrs. F. Pointon, 21, High Street, Brownhills, Walsall, Staffs.
Our Village Taxi—"Flaps Wings"—Doesn't "Fly"!

£10 : J. Edmondson, 32, Church Street, Maryport.
In Cherry-blossom Land—Soon, "Bowing" To *Inevitable*.

10 of £5 :
M. W. Beale, 12, Newhall St., Birmingham.
Magic Carpet—Peace, Firmly "Nailed Down."
L. Bennett, 125, Heath Lane, Dartford.
Go-ahead Government Needs "Winnies"—Wood Winnies!
E. Chatfield, 98, Valley View Road, Rochester.
Wifey's Relatives—Unbent, Spotting My Corkscrew!
M. Chisholm, Cantraydown Croy, Gollanfield, Inverness.
Go-ahead Government—Getting Nods, Not Prods.
Miss F. Crossley, 1, Aigburth Hall Road, Liverpool.
Our Village Band—Is Silver—And Brazen!
C. H. Lawdham, 22, Twyford Court, London, N.
Famine And Chaos—And Slavery, That's Spring-cleaning!
T. Malyon, 6, Ranelagh Close, Edgware, Middx.
Victory's Champagne—Launching A Better "Britannia"?
D. L. Samuel, 44, Lammas Street, Carmarthen.
Saving World—Another "Welter," Democracy's "Weight."
J. T. Smith, 79, West Street, Oundle, Peterborough.
Go-ahead Government—Always The Government Ahead!
W. Stocks, 57, Cooper Street, St. Helens
Lest We Forget—Darkest Age, Enlighten Youth!

A list of 10 winners of £2 10s., 20 of £1, and 100 of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. 1,500 Merit Awards have been posted.

575 WON OUTRIGHT IN XWORD 429.
WINNING WORDS : 1. Houses. 2. Flood. 3. Liked. 4. Middle. 5. Fire. 6. Tales. 7. Brook. 8. Bob. 9. Lish. 10. Boats. 11. Moths. 12. Nolls or Polls. 13. Tare. 14. Simmer.
OUTRIGHT WINNER : Lieut. G. Howitt, c/o 3, Chapel Lane, Burscough, Lancs.
RUNNERS-UP AWARDS value £28 shared between 17 Runners-up. Winner and Runners-up receive Fruit Cake.

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated June 30, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

ADDRESS COUPON : "BULLETS" No.1,481, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, W.C.2 (Comp.).

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets." IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

Signed .....
Address .....
.....

2 FREE "BULLETS"
With 4 'Bullets' you may enclose extra 2 free on plain paper, coupon size.

P.O. Value.....
No. .....

"BULLETS" No. 1,481
CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, JUNE 11

For JUNE 23 DOUBLE "BULLETIN," ENCLOSE 2½d. STD. ADD. ENVELOPE

write to JOHN BULL about it

MAKING FRIENDS IN A NEW DISTRICT

Freedom between parents and children. Husband saves—wife wants to spend. Building trade as a career for boy. Income tax over age of sixty-five

"MY HUSBAND and I have recently moved into a new district and would like to be friendly with our neighbours. They seem to be a cheerful, happy crowd, but up to the present no one has spoken to us.

"Would it be breaking social conventions if we made the first approach? Most of the people round us are considerably younger than we are, so perhaps they are a bit shy of making the first advances to two older people."

It is the general rule for new arrivals to wait until neighbours make the first approach, but sometimes one may have to wait months before they thaw sufficiently to admit one's existence.

In all probability your neighbours are only waiting for a hint from you that you are willing to be friendly. Break the ice gradually. Start with a smile and a "Good morning" when you pass your nearest neighbours in the street. After a few times they will probably stop and talk. Once you have made one or two friends you will soon be drawn into contact with others.

"A YOUNG MARRIED COUPLE who are friends of my husband and myself are bringing up their family on modern lines. The children address their parents by their Christian names and treat them as pals of their own age. I have heard the seven-year-old boy exclaim to his father, 'Don't be a silly fool, Jim!'

"I am not in favour of Victorian methods in the home, but I often think these moderns have gone too far in the other direction. Parents and children belong to different generations and cannot frolic about together. Old sheep don't gambol about like lambs. What do you think?"

This question was discussed by a group of young people at the London Youth Committee's annual conference in April. The young people themselves opposed the idea of complete freedom between children and parents. They felt that parents, having more experience of life, were entitled to respect.

Many fathers who have been away from their families for some years in the Services would benefit by some training in parenthood. They know there has been a revolt against the tyrannical father of earlier generations, but they don't know just what kind of attitude they should adopt. It would be a good subject for discussion groups to include in a series on return to civilian life and the duties of citizenship.

"MY WIFE CALLS ME a miser. This is not true, although I confess I don't enjoy parting with money unnecessarily. I think a man should always live within his income and should put aside a little each week for the future.

"My wife doesn't seem to care about the future. If I gave her the chance she would spend every penny and probably even run into debt. We have no children to save for. But there is some satisfaction in the thought of a steadily growing reserve for old age. Naturally this means a certain amount of self-denial now. My wife says why not enjoy life while we can? Which of us is right?"

I should be interested to hear your wife's side of the story. She obviously wants to get more out of life than you do, and is prepared to gamble on the future.

Roughly speaking, there are two ways of looking at life. The first takes the view that you should cut your coat according to the cloth at your disposal. The other is based on the determination to live now on the scale to which you think you are entitled, and to trust to luck about the consequences.

In your case, I think a compromise is the best suggestion. You can spend a little more freely and your wife, on her side, can practise some denials. Surely she will appreciate the point that she will not want to spend an old age with little money and only memories of past spending to live on.

"MY BOY WILL BE leaving school this summer and I am thinking a good deal about his career. I don't want him to get into a blind-alley occupation. He likes the idea of the building trade, but I want him to learn the real business, not to waste his time on odds and ends. What do you think about building as a career for a boy?"

There will be an obvious demand for apprentices to the building industry for many years to come. The present need is said to be an annual intake of 25,000.

According to the recent report of the Building Apprenticeship and Training Council, 52,000 out of 64,000 apprentices have no written agreement with their employers. It is proposed that every apprentice should have an agreement in writing, that the employer should be under an obligation to teach the craft, and that the learner should have one day a week in a technical school or college where he will study the theory behind the practice.

If these minimum requirements are fulfilled you need have no fear that your lad will be used for doing odd jobs.

X-WORD CASH, RADIO, PENS

£50 and Radio for outright winner. Other prizes value £25 and Fountain Pens. On plain paper, give, IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

1. They may be sharp or dull—KN□VES. 2. Constant petty theft must make shopkeeper this—WIL□. 3. Big cattle breeder is fairly certain to have—□ULL. 4. If a man's wife leaves him he may be tempted to go to—D□GS. 5. Government should continue to keep this on imports after the war—TA□. 6. Don't attract attention to yourself when you—□OSE. 7. Is sometimes a bit too thick—LOO□. 8. Modern dance fans like the music to be—□OW. 9. Even when in a fix, some men have distaste for resorting to—WI□E. 10. Average person wouldn't know difference between dandy and —□RIG. 11. May clearly describe criminal's punishment T□ME. 12. It's easy to pull up young—COL□. 13. To do this is often to prevent break—B□ND. 14. A more valuable kind of night-cap is this—□ILK.

Entry Fee—6d. (stamps or P.O.) per TWO sets of Answers. To receive Xword Gazette dated June 23 with *Bulletin* Double Number, enclose 2½d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Closing postmark—**MONDAY, June 11.**

ADDRESS ENTRY : Xword 433, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Xword No. 429 Result below "Bullets" Winners.

Age Allowance

G. H., Slough : A taxpayer who is over sixty-five has all his income assessed as earned income provided that it does not exceed £500 per annum. This relief is known as "age allowance."

If the rental value of a house is £32 per annum, a deduction of one-fourth can be claimed for repairs, provided the tenant has not undertaken to do all or part of the repairs.

W. F., Torquay : The original pay-rolls of the last war were destroyed after having been kept for more than seventeen years. A record of unclaimed gratuities was, however, made before this was done, but I am sorry that your name does not appear in it.

F. R., Tottenham : If you were not in the Pig Breeding Industry before September, 1939, you would not be allowed to establish yourself now, as there is a world shortage of feeding-stuffs. It may be possible, however, for you to take up employment in anticipation of the situation improving. I suggest that you contact the Hertford War Agricultural Committee, County Hall, Hertford, who may be able to place you, assuming, of course, that your National Service commitments permit.

D. H., Bolton : The letter "C" after a Serviceman's group number in his paybook means that it has been "Confirmed" by his unit as correct.

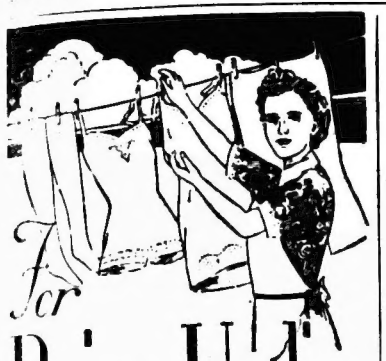
B. C., Sheffield : If you want to take on a spare-time occupation as a painter and decorator, write to the Chief Registrar, Ministry of Works, Sanctuary Buildings, Great Smith Street, London, S.W.1, and apply for a Certificate of Registration. You must do this before you can carry out work for any one other than yourself.

JOHN BULL SERVICE

SEND YOUR general queries (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address.

Grants to ex-Servicemen and dependants are made by JOHN BULL'S War Sufferers' Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.



for Dainty Undies

"ACDO" is kind to the sheerest fabrics. It cannot injure them, yet in a few minutes they're washed spotlessly clean, and the colour remains as bright and fresh as when new.

"ACDO" is just as harmless, effective, and kind to woollens or the dirtiest overalls.

That's why they last so much longer when washed with "ACDO."

Try it next wash day. You'll be delighted with its superiority.

"ACDO" saves time, work, fuel, soap, and cannot harm the most sensitive skin.

Wash with ACDO THE GUARANTEED SELF-WASHER

Get 'ACDO' from your GROCER, OILMAN, or STORES

ZSELLY DYE & CHEMICAL CO., LTD., BOLTON

Make LAST YEAR'S *clothes* LAST YEARS

Spotted, dingy coats and frocks are unnecessary when you can make them as good as new and last twice as long with Beaucaire, the amazing dry cleaner. And not only your clothes but all your carpets and furnishings as well.

Get into the habit of treating your clothes regularly with Beaucaire. It cannot harm delicate fabrics or alter the colour. It leaves no tide-mark round stains. It is odourless, easy to use and NON-INFLAMMABLE. Full instructions with every bottle. All stores, drapers and chemists sell Beaucaire. If any difficulty please write to address below.

Beaucaire

Dry Cleaning Fluid

1/-, 2/- & 5/- PER BOTTLE

Beaucaire Laboratories, Vauxhall Grove, London, S.W.8.

Look up and Smile —the Odol Smile

Keep your chin up and smile the winning smile—the Odol Smile!

Be happy in the security of sound teeth, protected from the danger of damaged enamel by fine, smooth, non-scratch Odol, the finest, smoothest tooth-paste made.

If you prefer powder, try Odol tooth powder. 6d. Double size 10½d. A TIN

TOOTHPASTE
SOLID DENTIFRICE
TOOTH POWDER
DENTURE POWDER

Keep the winning **Odol** *Smile!*

It's up to us to keep fit

THERE are three golden rules for fitness. *First:* regular exercise. *Second:* fresh air. *Third:* good food.

Of these simple rules the third is not *quite* so simple as it looks! The fact is that the most appetising food is not always the most nutritious. But there is an easy way to make certain that every meal you eat, however frugal, is rich in nutriment. You simply replace the missing goodness by taking a little pure yeast. Yeast is the richest known natural source of the B Vitamins. Yestamin is yeast in tablet form. When you take Yestamin you take pure dried yeast highly concentrated. You'll like its savoury taste and you'll soon feel the benefit of its vital goodness.

YESTAMIN

Vitamin B1 HCl	30 *I. U. per gram.*
Riboflavin	65 *mcgs. per gram.*
Calcium d-Pantothenate	63 *mcgs. per gram.*
Niacin	455 *mcgs. per gram.*
Vitamin B6 HCl	34 *mcgs. per gram.*

TABLETS 1/1½, 3/- *per bottle*
POWDER 1/4½, 2/3, 4/- *per tin*

The English Grains Co. Ltd. Burton-on-Trent.

Work a Joy

Evening finds HEALTHY WORKERS tired but happily content with a day's work well done.

KEEP HEALTHY and efficient! Nobody can afford to be handicapped by backache, stiff, aching joints, rheumatic pains, urinary disorders or any symptom due to sluggish kidney action.

Workers on the land and in the factory use and recommend Doan's Backache Kidney Pills for banishing these troubles. This special kidney medicine brings welcome relief by helping sluggish kidneys to filter from the blood harmful impurities which cause pain and discomfort.

Temporarily, supplies of Doan's are limited, but it is worth taking extra trouble to obtain such a dependable remedy. JB

1/5, 3.5 (incl. tax). Ask your Chemist for

DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills

FINE COAT— without Coupons

Many a well-conditioned dog owes his handsome coat to Benbow's, the world-famous tonic that is so easily assimilated because it is liquid. In these times, when dog diet is something of a problem, you should give your dog Benbow's at least once or twice a week to make up for vitamin deficiences, to build up resistance to infections, and to keep him fit and happy.

Chemists and Corn Merchants can usually supply promptly, but it is wise to order in advance.

BENBOW'S DOG MIXTURE

Why not be AT YOUR BEST This Summer

For keeping one healthy, youthful and attractive all Summer, there's nothing like Bile Beans—the perfect tonic-laxative. Taken regularly—just a couple at bed-time—these grand vegetable pills cleanse the blood-stream, eliminate toxic wastes and create a grand feeling of youth and vitality.

Start taking Bile Beans NOW and rest assured you'll not only be at your very best, but fitter and more youthful. JB

By Regularly Taking

BILE BEANS

When INDIGESTION

Makes eating no pleasure,
Try Rennies and you
Will discover a treasure

There's no pleasure in eating when it's followed by agonizing pain. But, you can eat anything you like — and enjoy it — if you let Rennies do their job.

Digestif Rennies are pleasant-tasting tablets, separately wrapped; so you can carry them loose. No water or spoon needed, and no time wasted. You just pop one into your mouth and suck it like a sweet, then another. In record time, Rennies will neutralize your **excess acid**, and bring speedy relief.

If Rennies don't shift your indigestion, it's high time you saw your doctor about it.

DIGESTIF **RENNIES** 2S FOR 7P (TAX INC.)

CONTEMPT OF CAT

"Yah, look at old Tinker! Call that thing a cat?"

"Strike me tortoiseshell if it isn't 'Tibs'! Somebody loves me after all."

"Look out, sparrows! I'm on 'Tibs' and I feel tough. You'd better keep a civil tongue in your beaks from now on."

TIBS *keep cats kittenish*

Remember the rule—one powder a day. 'Tibs' are tasteless in food or drink. From all corn merchants and chemists, in packets of nine for 7d.

A product of Bob Martin Ltd. Southport

23P

If it's quicker shaving you want to get SOUPLEX and DOUBLE SIX are the winning bet!

★ Millions of these famous blades go to the Forces. Occasionally small supplies are available for the public. Souplex Ltd., Morecambe, Lancs. ★

ANADIN IN WAR-TIME

Invaluable in times of peace, 'ANADIN' is now regarded as indispensable in many factories where 'Time off' must be reduced to the absolute minimum. This well-balanced and medically approved combination, in tablet form, is playing no small part in keeping workers free from colds, headaches and muscular aches and pains. 'ANADIN' can be relied upon to relieve pain swiftly and surely without affecting the heart or causing any depressing after-effects.

1/5 & 2/10 (*inc. Tax*) JB

ANADIN TABLETS
FOR THE RELIEF OF PAIN

FOOD M.F. FACTS

HOW TO GET THE NEW RATION BOOK

CUT OUT THIS NOTICE AND KEEP IT BY YOU

The issue of the new Ration Book (with the Clothing Book) begins on May 28th. It will be used for food purchases from July 22nd.

You will get your new Ration Book in the same way as last year. These simple directions have been divided into BEFORE, DURING and AFTER. Take these stages one at a time, and you will help to make the job of giving out even 45,000,000 books go with a swing.

BEFORE

Before you can get your new Ration Book you must see that both your IDENTITY CARD and your PRESENT RATION BOOK are in order.

Your *Identity Card* should have your present permanent address on it. If it has not, or if you have lost your card, go at once to your local National Registration Office (same address as the Food Office), taking your present Ration Book with you. Remember it's no good going to a ration book distribution centre if your Identity Card has been lost or is incorrect.

Page 4 (the Reference Leaf) of your PRESENT RATION BOOK has been left blank so far. This must be filled in now. *This page must not be cut out.* SPECIAL NOTE: Every woman should write MRS. in front of her name at the top of page 4 if she is married or has been married at any time. Otherwise she should write MISS.

Make sure that pages 5 and 6 have the names and addresses of your retailers written or stamped in the spaces provided.

DURING

During the time that the new books are being given out the posters in your Food Office area and advertisements in your local newspapers will tell you where and when to get your book. Remember that the poster to go by is the one in your own Food Office area. It will be shown in Post Offices, cinemas and elsewhere.

When you go to get your new Ration Book you must have your present Food Book and your Identity Card with you. *Anyone can fetch your new book for you if they take your old book and Identity Card.* All the books for a household can be collected at one time, even if the surnames are different. Other arrangements will be made for people who cannot possibly fetch or send for their new book at the proper time.

If you are an expectant mother and are due to go to the Food Office between now and July 22nd to get your green Ration Book renewed, you can get your new Ration Books then. Holders of temporary (yellow) Identity Cards who have to apply for extension during this period can also get their books then.

AFTER

After you have got your new Ration Book you must:

(1) Write your address on the front cover of the Food Book and your name, address and National Registration Number on the front of the Clothing Book.

(2) Next remove the Clothing Book carefully and put it away in a safe place. You will be told when you can use it. Until then none of the coupons in it is valid.

(3) Then, on page 5 of the Ration Book, write your name, National Registration Number and address in Section A, and at the top of page 6, your *present* milk retailer's name and address.

Then you must register afresh with all your retailers (except for milk), even if you wish to remain with your present retailers, as most people will. If you fail to re-register, your retailers may not be able to serve you after July 22nd. *You cannot change or re-register for milk.* Any registrations you may have made after May 28th need not be renewed.

HOW TO RE-REGISTER

(1) In the top space on page 6, as mentioned above, you must write your *present* milk retailer's name and address. In the other spaces on page 6, write the names and addresses of the retailers with whom you wish to register. (If you know that your retailer uses a rubber stamp, you can leave this job to him.

(2) On page 8, write your name and address in the spaces against MEAT, EGGS (if you buy them from a retailer), FATS, CHEESE, BACON, SUGAR.

(3) Take the Ration Book to each retailer to cut out the proper counterfoils. *Don't cut them out yourself.*

If you are moving house any time *before* July 22nd, wait to re-register in your new area.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 255

WANTED for OBSTRUCTION

Every empty S.D.I. bottle standing idle in your larder is holding up the day-to-day distribution of soft drinks. There is still an acute shortage of bottles. All empty S.D.I. bottles must be returned promptly, if supplies of minerals and squashes are to be ensured during the coming months.

RETURN THOSE EMPTIES

Issued by The Soft Drinks Industry (War Time) Association Ltd., 42 Upper Grosvenor Street, London, W.1. CVS-34

PARK DRIVE *for pleasure*

'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets (Regd.)

By effectively correcting acidity 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets give prompt relief from indigestion. They are convenient to carry and may be taken as required.

Recommended by Members of the Medical Profession

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

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